







**ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SERIES**

# THE STORY OF SCOTLAND

BY

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LONDON

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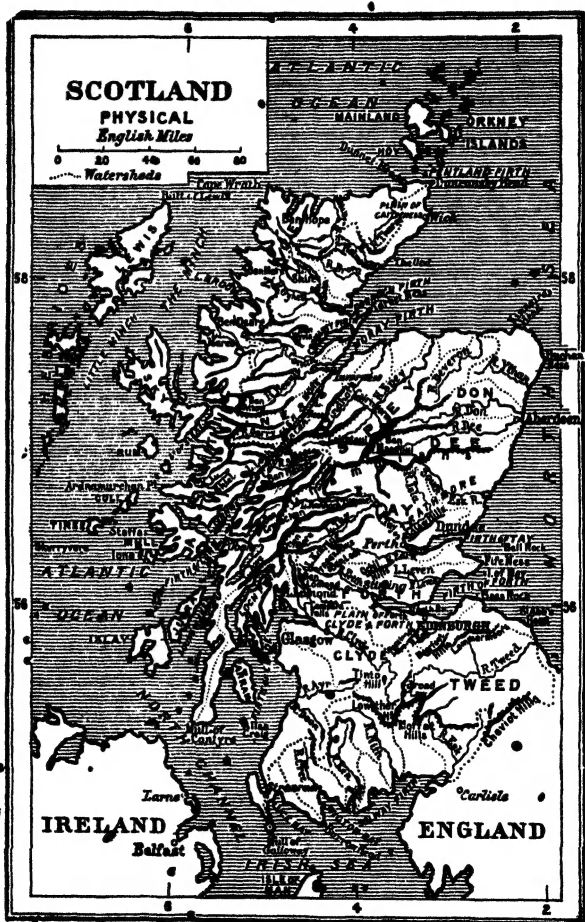
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### English Miles

## Watersheds





# THE STORY OF SCOTLAND.

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## 1. OUR OWN COUNTRY.

"Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots,  
From Maidenkirke to Johnny Groats."

*Byrns.*

1. It is always well to know something of our own country. The more we know, the more interesting that country becomes. It has a history we never dreamt of; it has legends and stories unknown to us. Great men, whose names we are ashamed to confess we never heard, have been born in it, have lived for it, have died for it. Others have written of our country, have spread the fame of its past and foretold its glorious future.

2. The grim castles, reared on their solitary crags, take us back to the fighting days of old; the ruined abbeys

speaking of a period long vanished. And the great sea that moves round Scotland—it, too, has a story to tell of villages swallowed up, of cliffs submerged, of chasms and caves hollowed out by the waves.

3. Every part of the country can add something to interest us, if we are only ready to listen.

“Scotland! the land of all I love,  
The land of all that love me;  
Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,  
Whose sod shall lie above me,  
Hail, country of the brave and good,  
Hail, land of song and story,  
Land of the uncorrupted heart,  
Of ancient faith and glory!”

4. This, then, is the Story of Scotland; not the whole story, by any means, but enough to create a thirst for more, enough to make you want to see as much of the country as you can, to read about the men who have made it great, to learn more than these short readings can ever teach.

5. First we glance at the country itself, at its great mountains and lovely passes, its swift-running rivers, and its cold, deep lochs. Then at the history of the country—

“How Wallace fought for Scotland, left the name  
Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,  
All over his dear country;”

of the men who fought for its freedom and independence till union with England put an end to all fighting.

6. Then comes the condition of the country to-day, her industries, her communications, railways, and bridges. And lastly, her roll of fame, the lives and stories of great men, who worked for Scotland, sung for Scotland, lived and died for Scotland.

7. It is a record Scotsmen may well be proud of, and it is for the boys and girls of to-day to keep up the traditions of their country. Sir Walter Scott expresses his love of Scotland in these well-known lines :

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
‘This is my own, my native land !’  
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned  
As home his footsteps he hath turned  
From wandering on a foreign strand ?

8. If such there breathe, go, mark him well,  
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentrated all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung  
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.
9. ‘O Caledonia, stern and wild,  
Meet muse for a poetic child ;  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires, what mortal hand  
Can e’er untie the filial band  
That knits me to thy rugged strand ?  
Still, as I view each well-known scene,  
Think what is now and what hath been,  
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,  
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;  
And thus I love them better still,  
Even in extremity of ill.
10. By Yarrow’s stream still let me stray,  
Though none should guide my feeble way ;  
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,  
Although it chill my withered cheek ;  
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,  
Though there, forgotten and alone,  
The bard may draw his parting groan.’

\*.\* Notes are given at the end of the book.

## 2. OVER THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINS.

"And mountains that like giants stand  
To sentinel enchanted land."

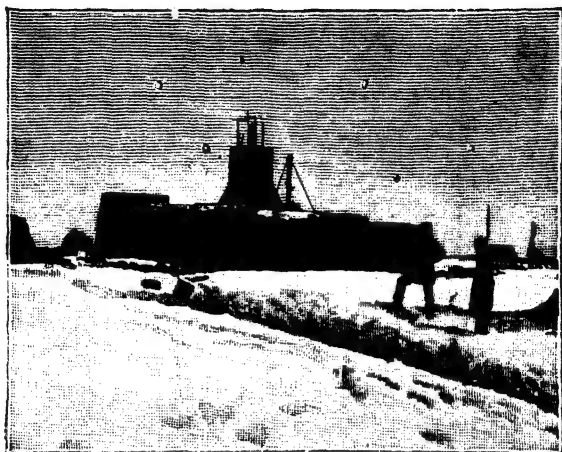
*Scott.*

1. Well indeed might Hogg, our Ettrick shepherd and poet, speak of his country as the "land of the mountain and rock." It is one of the most mountainous parts of Great Britain, and this fact has had a great deal to do with the history of Scotland and the character of the people.

2. The natural divisions of the country, by reason of mountain ranges and river valleys, have made a distinct difference, more marked in olden times than now, among the people of Scotland. There are the High-lands and the Low-lands, there are the Highlanders and the Lowlanders. The former were a wild, melancholy, yet deeply romantic race, living by themselves among their great desolate mountains, strongly united to each other, resenting interference, but with a deep, lasting love of their country and speaking their own language.

3. The Lowlanders, on the contrary, being more accessible and less cut off from other countries, were far more open to new ideas, and ready to learn how to improve their land and to take advantage of their rivers for manufacturing purposes. They were a milder, if less affectionate, race of people, and adopted the English language more readily.

4. But to get a good idea of how the mountains group themselves, it will be well to go up Ben Nevis, the "rock which touches the heavens," the highest mountain in the British Isles. No mountain rises with more



OBSERVATORY, BEN NEVIS, IN WINTER.

majesty above the surrounding hills or looks over a wider sweep of mountain and moor, glen and rock, far away even to the islands that lie amid the western seas.

5. Let us start from Fort William, the little Highland town which nestles at the base of the "Great Ben," and walk up the heathery slopes, keeping by the side of the clear running brooks which trickle down its vast sides. But see, we are leaving these heathery slopes behind; here is boggy peat, and here are great granite blocks; here, again, is only very short grass and moss, with here and there a little Alpine plant. And now vegetation becomes scarce, and a last scramble brings us to the top. No wonder we are out of breath; it has taken us



nearly four hours to climb, and we can feel for the astronomer and his men who were required to walk to the top of Ben Nevis every day to take observations, until an observatory was built at the top where they could sleep.

6. Indeed, we can sleep there too, if we like, for there are twelve beds in the inn, and plenty of food to be had. It is very still at the top, save for the fitful moaning of the wind amid the snow-rifts of the great dark precipices below. But let us spread out our map and try to understand how the mountains lie, though we cannot see them all.

7. There are three distinct divisions of surface—the Highlands, the Central Lowlands, and the Lowlands. The Highlands are as a great tableland, which has been cut across from sea to sea by the narrow Glenmore. The country looks like a regular sea of mountains rolling away to Cape Wrath in wave after wave. The highest peaks are, in the range called the Grampians, Ben Macdui, Cairntoul and Cairngorm, being all over 4,000 feet high—very nearly as high as the summit on which we are now standing.

8. These mountains rise from a very desolate region; the solitude is intense; precipices and chasms abound; waterfalls of unknown heights, fearful in their force, dash down the rocky sides; deep black lakes lie at the foot of the precipices; snow lies summer and winter in the deep rifts, which no sun ever penetrates.

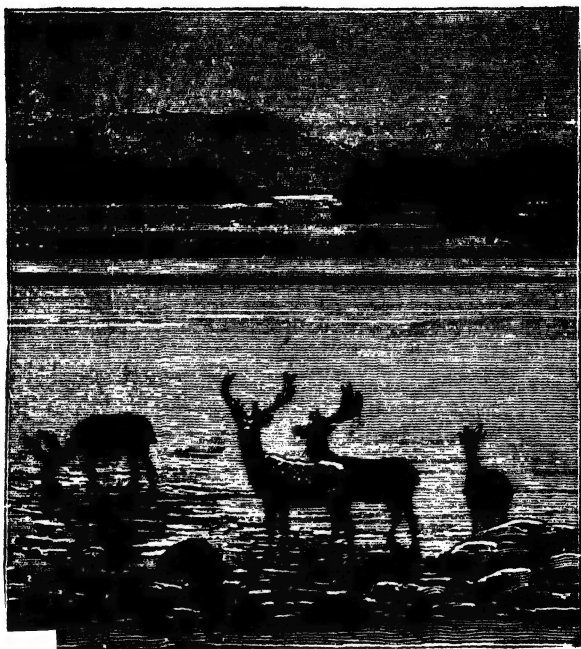
9. Away, too, among these Highland mountains rise Ben Lawers and Ben More, and further still to the north Ben Attow. Ben Lawers we can dimly see from where we stand, rising up, as it were, out of Loch Tay.

10. The Central Lowlands are divided from the Highlands by the broad valley of Strathmore; the mountains here are not nearly so high, Ben Cleugh, one of the Ochil Range, being the highest.

11. In the Lowlands proper the mountains are of sandstone, flat topped, with smooth, grassy slopes, having among them bogs, peat, mosses and grassy riverdales. They are mere hills compared with the North of Scotland, where there are more than five hundred mountain-tops over 3,000 feet high.

12. The Highlands, therefore, with their wild scenery, are famous for their brave, loyal, manly race, producing good soldiers famed for courage and pluck, while the Lowlands, with their gently-undulating hills and broad rivers, are the centre of commerce, and contain the large and important towns which have made Scotland a prosperous country.

13. One word about the climate of Scotland, which is influenced greatly by the mountains. On the west coast the atmosphere is saturated with moisture, the clouds that are always forming among high mountains descend in rain and snow, and this part is truly a "land of mists." Yet the native of the west will seldom admit that it is "raining heavily," as the Englishman would say; he looks up at his mountain-peaks, through a dense veil of cloud and mist; he looks away to the distant sea where no horizon is visible; he splashes through liquid mud and pools of water, and owns reluctantly that it is a "wee bit saft."



DEER ISLAND, LOCH LOMOND.

### 3. MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

1. My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;  
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;  
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,  
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

2. Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,  
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth ;  
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.
3. Farewell to the mountains, high cover'd with snow ;  
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;  
Farewell to the forests and wild-ranging woods ;  
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
4. My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;  
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;  
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,  
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

*Burns.*

#### 4. OUR LOCHS.

“ Where the lake slept, deep and still.”

*Scott.*

1. How do we account for the very varied scenery of Scotland—for the high mountains and the deep lochs, which abound in the northern and central parts? Long, long ago, there must have been a great sheet of ice covering the whole of Scotland, then high tableland. With changes of temperature this old tableland began to waste, valleys were scooped out by rain and rivers. The frost, the snow, and the waves of the sea did their work, with the result that the hard rocks of the Highlands remained but little changed, while the softer rocks of the Lowlands were worn down.

2. The ice, too, in this far-off Ice Age must have scooped out the great hollows, where lie the lochs, “ from

the little black tarn where the thin mist floats," to the larger loch where it "sleeps in the glen, 'neath the far-stretching base of the high-peaked ben."

8. Not only do inland lakes abound, but there are a great number of sea-lochs, or arms of the sea, on the north and west, into which,

"by night and day,  
The great sea-water finds its way."

The inland lochs lie mostly in the hollows of the hills, shut in by their great mountain walls, their pure, clear waters now reflecting the beauty of passing clouds, now ruffled into foamy waves, as the winds sweep down from the gorges above.

4. The "pride of our lochs" is Loch Lomond; indeed, it is the largest loch in Great Britain, and the poets never tire of singing of its "bonny, bonny banks." The hero of Loch Lomond is Rob Roy, the hero, too, of Sir Walter Scott's novel. We seem to see his tall figure even now, standing on the rock above the loch, below the lofty peak of Ben Lomond, his long gun under his arm, his waving tartan, and the single plume in his bonnet, pointing him out as a Highland gentleman and soldier.

5. As he stands there, a boat manned by four lusty Highland rowers starts from the creek below, steering for the south-western end of the loch, and bearing his friends away. The boat glides through lovely scenery, now skirting the many islands which abound, with ever-varying form and size, till it touches the landing-place, where the waters of the loch discharge into the River Leven, and the Gaelic chant of the rowers dies away over the waters.



LOCH KATRINE.

6. With perhaps a glance towards the northern end of the loch, where, growing ever more narrow, its waters are lost among dusky mountains, Rob Roy turns and makes his way slowly up the side of the hill.

7. Amid the Trossachs, a romantic wooded pass, lies Loch Katrine, which Scott describes in his "Lady of the Lake" as

"Gleaming with the setting sun,  
One burnished sheet of living gold,  
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem  
The scenery of a fairy dream."

8. There are many islands, large and small, in Loch  
S.

Katrine. Guarding the loch with its majestic height stands Ben Venue, while

“ On the north, through middle air,  
Ben Awe heaved high his forehead bare.”

9. But perhaps more important than the romance of the loch is the fact that from Loch Katrine the great city of Glasgow is supplied with pure drinking-water. It was no easy matter to conduct the water over the thirty-four miles from the loch to the city, through the mountains and over the bogs, for the country here is very rugged.

10. It was necessary to bore right through one of the mountains, and to conduct the water by means of a tunnel. The bogs were crossed by huge iron pipes, the rivers and glens were spanned by arches supporting the channel in which the water flowed.

11. The machinery by which the waters of the lake were admitted into the tunnel was put in motion by the Queen one autumn day in 1859; guns roared out from the artillery in the Trossachs, and “all the bells in Glasgow were set ringing.”

12. Passing by ~~Loch Earn, Loch Tay, and Loch Rannoch~~, all lying in the midst of beautiful Perthshire scenery, far above the level of the sea, we come to more desolate regions, where the lochs lie in their mountain beds in the deep stillness of solitude.

13. Loch Ericht is one of these; so wild and desolate, its banks rising up steeply from the water's edge, that even Prince Charlie found safe hiding in a “cage” at the south end. His “cage” was in a deep thicket on the side of a large mountain over the loch. It was the last

of his many hiding-places, for here he heard that two French vessels were lying in wait for him in Loch-na-Nuagh, whence he embarked for France, leaving Scotland for ever.

14. Here is an old legend about the origin of Loch Awe. In bygone ages there was one Vera, the aged daughter of Griamian, Mountain of the Sun, who kept watch on the summit of Ben Cruachan. To her charge had been committed a certain spring on the top of the highest crag, and it was her duty each night to seal up the mouth of the fountain, by laying on it a mystic stone, carved with strange symbols, ere the sun's last ray had kissed the mountain-top.

15. For many long years she did her work faithfully, but one day the wild deer had gathered round her to be milked, when one suddenly darted away from the herd. Vera followed it over moor and moss, till her aged limbs were weary, and returning to her seat beside the fountain she fell fast asleep. The day wore on, the shadows of evening crept up the mountain-side. The fountain was yet unsealed. The darkness of night came on, and with it a mighty tempest arose. Three days passed, and still the aged Vera slept.

16. Suddenly she started up, and sought to seal the fountain with the mystic stone; but instead of its quiet waters, a raging torrent now poured down the mountain-side, the very floodgates of heaven stood open, the thunder crashed and rolled amid the hills. As she glanced down into the valley below, she saw a raging sea of stormy waters. To this day the water lies in the valley, and we call it Loch Awe.

17. There is plenty of fishing in these lochs, even in



the wildest districts. "As we passed by gloomy Loch Ranza," said a traveller, "our attention was called to the boats of the oyster-dredgers, and we wondered whether the oysters of Loch Ranza have the same ear for music as their brethren in the Firth of Forth, who require a continuous dredging-song to lull them to their doom, so that the wily fishers must keep up an incessant chant."

"The herring loves the merry moonlight,  
The mackerel loves the wind;  
But the oyster loves the dredging-song,  
For he comes of a gentle kind."

18. Loch Leven, too, in Kinross, must be mentioned, with its castle fortress on an island, where Mary Queen of Scots was doomed to spend so many weary months in loneliness, looking over the blue and stormy waters of the little lake.

## 5. THE RIVERS OF SCOTLAND.

"Dashing and foaming and leaping with glee,  
The child of the mountain wild and free."  
*Blackie's "Song of the Highland River."*

1. A great many of the Scottish rivers have their source in the lochs, and in several cases they run right through them. The chief point to be noted about these rivers is that, with the exception of the Clyde, they all flow eastward into the North Sea. They rise among very high mountains on the west side, and the Forth and the Tay flow for a hundred miles across Scotland before they reach the sea.

2. Most of them receive the torrents formed by the

rains and snows of the mountains, and the waters of the lakes as well; hence the amount of water which they carry along is very great; the rivers are very swift, and they are not navigable till within a short distance of their mouth.

3. There is the River Tay, for instance, the largest river in Scotland, which rises at the foot of a very high mountain in Perthshire, flows swiftly down through Loch Tay, and receives the waters of many other lakes. It carries more water to the sea than any other British river, but it is navigable only to Perth, its great port being Dundee. There is a story told of the River Tay in old times, when the Roman soldiers came in sight of the river:

"Behold the Tiber!" they cried with joy. But Sir Walter Scott did not take this as a compliment to the beautiful Tay, and he wrote angrily:

"Where's the Scot that would the vaunt repay,  
And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay?"

4. The Tweed, which in its course forms part of the English boundary, rises in Hart Fell, quite close to the sources of the Clyde and the Annan—hence the rhyme:

"Tweed, Annan, Clyde,  
Rise out o' ane hillside;  
Tweed ran, Annan wan,  
And Clyde fa' down and broke his neck ower Corra Linn."

"Tweed's fair river, broad and deep," is joined by the Teviot, a broad, clear, sparkling river flowing through lovely country. On it stands the thriving town of Hawick, with its well-known manufactures of tweeds and hosiery. Another tributary to the Tweed is the

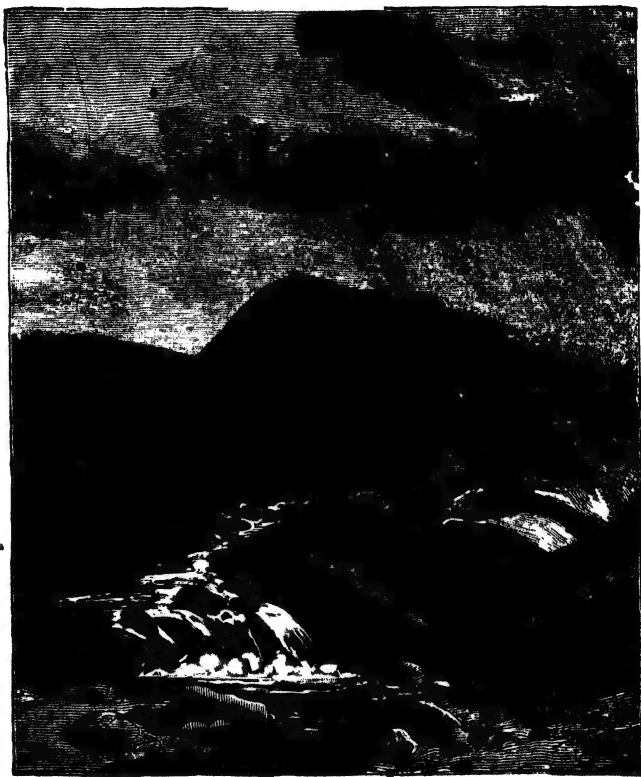
Yarrow, of whose beauty the Scottish poets are never tired of singing. Having passed Abbotsford and Melrose, the Tweed joins the Teviot at Kelso, and makes its way to Berwick, and so into the North Sea.

5. The Forth rises on the side of Ben Lomond; it is remarkable for its many windings, known as the Links of Forth; but so fertile is the country bordering this part of the river that it is a popular saying in the district that

“A lairdship o’ the bonnie Links o’ Forth  
Is worth an earldom o’ the North.”

6. This river is not navigable till it reaches Stirling, the key of the main passage in old days between north and south Scotland, and many a time has the River Forth “bridled the wild Highlander,” and kept him in his “ain countree.” By means of its great estuary the Firth of Forth empties its waters into the North Sea. Wild and windy is this Firth of Forth, and the tides and waves of the great North Sea, are wearing away the sides of the Firth and even deepening the deep channel.

7. Of the Dee and the Don, both rising in the highest part of the Grampians, there is little to say. Both flow through the romantic scenery of Aberdeenshire into the North Sea. But of the Clyde, the only large river flowing west, there is much to say. Rising in Queensberry Hill, it flows as a mountain torrent to Lanark. Now, it is a curious fact that at this point the River Clyde is but seven miles from the River Tweed. Between the two streams lies the watershed of the country, the drainage flowing on one side into the Atlantic, on the other into



THE CLYDE NEAR ITS SOURCE.

the North Sea. Yet, instead of a ridge or hill, the space between the rivers is a broad flat valley, so little above the level of the Clyde that very little labour would send

the Clyde over into Tweeddale, and "a set of vexed tides would ebb and flow across the centre of Scotland."

8. And now comes the moment when, according to the old rhyme,

"Clyde fa' down and broke his neck ower Corra Linn."

Down a rocky precipice falls the mountain torrent, making three distinct leaps, down eighty-six feet into the abyss below,

"Uppausing, till again, with louder roar,  
It mines into the boisterous wheeling gulf."

9. Overhead are wood-covered rocks, and great trees stretch their arms here and there almost across the falls. Flowing through a deep channel for a short way, the river again "breaks his neck" down a precipice of some thirty feet, and yet again a little further on is the Lovers' Leap across a chasm some hundred feet in depth. On flows the river through fertile Clydesdale to Glasgow, where for the first time it becomes tidal and navigable. Here the river has been deepened by constant dredging, so that it has become a commercial river rivalling the Thames and the Mersey. Between the counties of Renfrew and Dumbarton, it flows to the town of Dumbarton, where, after a course of near a hundred miles, it ends with the Firth of Clyde.

10. It is an interesting fact that the first steamboat in Britain was launched on the Clyde in 1812, and as to the great shipbuilding works on the river, they will take a chapter all to themselves.

There is plenty of fishing in all these big rivers, salmon being specially plentiful in the Tweed, Tay, Dee, and the Don.

### 8. THE ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

"Land of the whirlpool—torrent—foam,  
Where oceans meet in maddening shock."

*D. Vedder.*

1. Lying to the extreme north of the Scottish mainland, exposed to the full fury of the Atlantic rollers and the furious waves of the wild North Sea, surrounded, too, by some of the fiercest tide-waves in the world, are the Orkney Islands. They are separated from the mainland by the Pentland Firth, some eight miles in breadth, and consist of about fifty-six islands.

2. The largest of these islands is Pomona; the highest is Hoy, or the High Island. Owing to the Gulf Stream the weather in these islands is very mild; but terrific gales occur sometimes, when all distinction between air and water is lost, when everything is hidden with spray like thick smoke. Upon the open coast the sea rises in foam and spreads over the country; the whole force of the Atlantic beats upon the shores, and the roar of the surge may be heard twenty miles off.

3. Right well have the men of Orkney learned their tides, and they would hardly have attempted what the Channel Fleet tried some years ago, namely, to pass through Westray Firth, which leads from the Atlantic to the North Sea, in the teeth of a strong spring flood. But the Queen's ships could do nothing against that tideway.

4. Up to recent times the men of Orkney had been farmers rather than fishermen. They were "farmers who had boats," while their neighbours in the Shetland Isles were rather "fishermen who had farms." But within recent years the herring fisheries have so increased that farming has been more or less laid aside

for fishing. Very large quantities of herring, cod, and lobster are now exported from the Orkneys, and these islands have suddenly sprung into fame and prosperity.

5. But yet more important, from the growth of its herring fisheries, is the group of islands to the north, the Shetland, or Zetland\* Isles, separated from the Orkneys by a rough and dangerous sea some sixty miles broad, in which is set the Fair Isle. They consist of a hundred islands, and only a quarter of them are inhabited. The tempestuous sea has worn these islands into all sorts of shapes; no place is more than three miles from salt water.

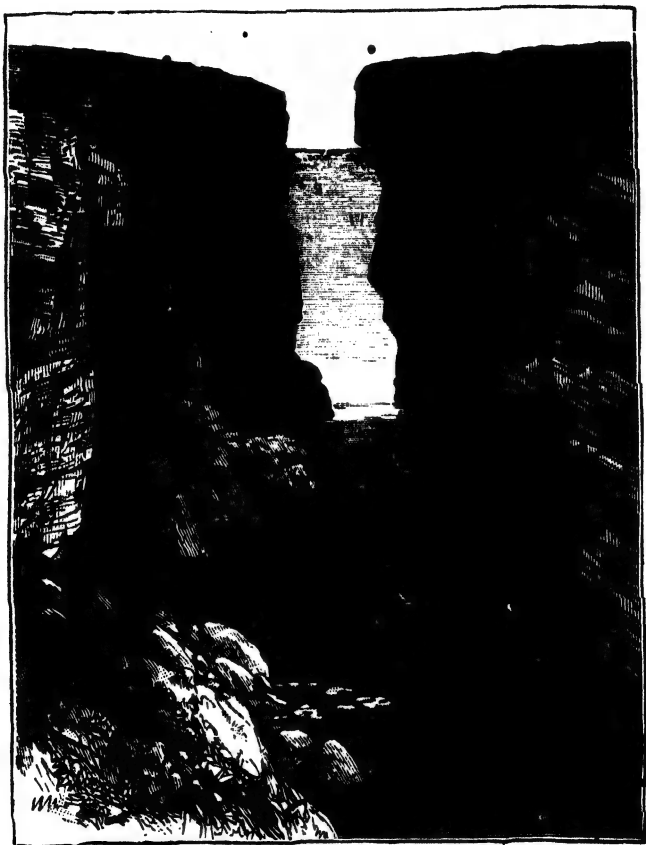
6. "Wall-like cliffs, over a thousand feet high, the abode of thousands of sea-birds; tiny islets, whose verdant table-tops give pasture to a few sheep; tall stacks or peaks of bare rocks cleaving the skies; gloomy caves, against whose sunless sides the tide ebbs and flows; narrow inlets, where herds of seals may be seen sunning themselves on the seaweed-covered rocks; here and there a stony beach piled with heaps of cod and ling in process of being cured—these are some of the scenes around the Shetland coast."

\* 7. The people of these islands are of Scandinavian origin. The islands were conquered by the first King of Norway, "Harold of the Fair Hair," and they remained subject to Norway till the year 1468, when they passed into Scottish hands. It must have been very picturesque when the old Vikings sailed about these tempestuous seas in their long, flat boats, for

"The hardy Norseman's house of yore  
Was on the foaming wave,"

---

\* Highland.



ROCKY SHORES OF SHETLAND ISLES.



and they certainly had plenty of foaming waves among the Orkney and Shetland Isles.

8. Once in the thirteenth century an attempt was made to marry the young Queen of Scotland, a daughter of the King of Norway, to a son of the King of England, but the "Little Maid of Norway," as she was called, died off the coast of the Orkney Isles—

" And the wind across the water  
Wails its dirge for Norway's daughter."

9. The Western Isles, or the Outer and Inner Hebrides, are separated from the mainland by a channel of the Atlantic Ocean called the Minch. The Outer Hebrides form a chain, called the Long Island, of rocky little islets, intersected by narrow lochs and sounds, creeks and bays. From the mainland looking westward, these broken islands look like a huge serpent crawling northwards amid the wild waste of water. Away they stretch, in utter loneliness, visited by few ships, and knowing little of what is going on in Scotland. In the northern part, on the island of Lewis and Harris, high mountains rear their lonely heads, looking from a distance as if they rose straight out of these far-off isles of the sea. Indeed, the saying "The sea here is all islands and the land all lakes," is very true.

10. But let us sail across the Minch to the Inner Hebrides, and visit the largest of them, the island of Skye, teeming with its stories of Flora Macdonald and Prince Charlie's hairbreadth escapes; the island of Mull, with all its caverns and mountains, chief of which is Ben More, the "Great Mountain," a landmark for vessels sailing these western seas.



PEAT GATHERING.

11. Here, too, are the islands of Rum and Eigg, the latter the scene of the terrible tragedy which Sir Walter Scott has described in his "Lord of the Isles." Some Macleods of Skye having been thrown ashore upon Eigg, were for a time hospitably treated by the owners of that island, the Macdonalds. But after a while they offended the Macdonald clan, were seized, bound hand and foot, and turned adrift in a boat, which a kindly wind wafted safely to Skye.

12. Such behaviour roused the wrath of Macleod, the head of the clan. He collected a strong body of men and sailed to Eigg to take his revenge. The terrified inhabitants of the island, knowing it would be useless to face such a force, hid in a cave, and Macleod, thinking his victims had gone away, was returning to his boats, when one unhappy man ventured from his hiding-place. Snow lay on the ground, and his footmarks were tracked to this cave. The entrance to the cave was partly hidden by a stream of water falling over it.

13. This stream was turned by the Macleods into a new channel. Then, gathering a vast heap of turf and fern at the mouth of the cave, they made a huge bonfire, and all the luckless islanders, some two hundred in number, were suffocated inside the cave.

14. These western islands off the coast of Argyllshire were governed by independent chiefs, called Lords of the Isles. The Marquis of Lorne, the son of the Duke of Argyll, who married Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria, is one of their descendants.

"Hail to thee, Lorne, and thy Princess together;  
Welcome afe both to the land of the heather.  
Hail to thee, hail to thee, hail to thee, Lorne!  
With thy love to the land where thy fathers were born."

## 7. SAINT COLUMBA AND IONA.

"God thee bless, thou loved Iona,  
Though thou art a little spot,  
Though thy rocks are gray and treeless,  
Thine shall be a boastful lot;  
Thou shalt be a sign for nations;  
Nurtured on thy sacred breast,  
Thou shalt send on holy mission  
Men to teach both East and West."

*J. S. Blackie.*

1. Among the islands on the west coast, exposed to the full fury of the great Atlantic Ocean, lies the little treeless island of Iona, some three miles long only, and yet known to the whole world as the home of Saint Columba. For Columba's monastery, the "light of the Western world," was once the most famous in Great Britain.

2. It was in 563 that Saint Columba sailed over from Ireland, where he was born, in a wicker boat covered with ox-hides, accompanied by his twelve faithful companions and Diormit his servant. He landed on the little island of Iona, which had been granted him by Connal, King of the Scots, and was afterwards confirmed by Brude, the King of the Picts, by whom Scotland was at this time governed. He was over forty when he seems to have made up his mind to carry the message of Christianity over to Scotland, and for "thirty-four years he lived upon the island as a soldier of Christ," says the old story.

3. "He was angelic in appearance, graceful in speech, holy in deed, excellent in ability, great in counsel . . . and he was beloved by all." This is the only picture of the man himself that comes down through the long ages, though there are plenty of stories told of his wonderful doings and sayings. Even as a child he seems to have

been marked out for special work, for the stories tell of how his mother's house was lit up with a bright light at his birth, and how a "globe of fire" rested on the face of the sleeping child.

4. Arrived at Iona, it would seem he began building his monastery, though only of wood and wattles; the church, too, was simple enough, being made of wood; the guest-chambers were of withes woven in between upright stakes, the huts of the monks merely planks. And the wood had to be fetched from the mainland in little fleets of boats, which had to cross the stormy sounds, and often wait for days together for a favourable wind.

5. So for a time the monks read and prayed and taught in little Iona, and Saint Columba's followers were known as the Culdees. But in two years' time the Saint, as he was always called in the old books, started forth with some companions to teach the people in the north of Scotland. Many of the Scots were already Christians, having come over from Ireland, where Saint Patrick had taught some hundred years before, so Columba went to work among the Picts.

6. Now Brude, the King of the Picts, lived near the Castle Hill of Inverness. The Saint, weary with his long journey, found the gates of the fortress barred against him. King Brude was proud and haughty and refused to open. But Saint Columba, "by his new power," say the stories, just knocked, and the gates at once flew open of their own accord, the bolts being suddenly driven back. The Saint and his companions quietly entered. And the King, overcome by this great power of the holy man, went forth to meet him with all reverence and became his life-long friend.

7. Saint Columba stayed some time in these parts, founding many monasteries and teaching the Christian religion both by his words and the holiness of his life. Many are the stories told of his wonderful miracles, of his healing the sick, of his constant visions of angels, and of his stilling the sea to allow the little boats to sail safely across the sound.

8. "Swelling seas also, which sometimes rose up in the greatness of the tempest like mountains, were quickly, at his prayers, brought low and stilled. On returning from the country of the Picts, he hoisted his sail one day when the wind was against him, and his ship swept along with as much speed as if the wind had been in his favour."

9. The Saint had been thirty years in Iona when the time came that he should die. One day, says the old story, his face glowed with a sudden joyfulness as he lifted his eyes to heaven. Then as suddenly his expression changed and his joy turned to sorrow. Two of his brethren standing near asked him the reason of this change.

"Go in peace; I may not tell you," said the Saint.

But they entreated him on their knees, with tears in their eyes, to tell them.

10. "Because I love you, then, I will tell you," he said at last. "On this day thirty years of my sojourn in Britain have been completed. For years past I have asked the Lord that in the end of this thirtieth year He would call me thither to the heavenly country. This was the cause of my joy, for I saw the holy angels coming to meet my soul as it was leaving my body. But lo! they stand far off on a rock on the other side of the

sound, and soon they will fly back to the highest heavens, for in answer to the prayers of the churches four more years have been granted for me to continue in the flesh among you."

11. These words were spoken with much weeping by the old man, for he was worn with years and with a life of prayer and fasting. But for the allotted space of four years he lived on.

12. It was the month of May when Saint Columba blessed his people for the last time, and blessed Iona, the little island where he had lived and worked so long. The Sunday after he called Diormit, his faithful servant, to him.

"In the sacred writings this day is called 'Sabbath,'" he said, "which, being interpreted, is 'rest.' And truly to me this day is a Sabbath, for it is the last day of my life."

And Diormit wept bitterly.

13. All night the Saint sat on his bed. The floor was bare, his pillow was a stone. At midnight, when the bell rang for service, he rose hurriedly and went to church; running more quickly than the rest, he entered alone, and fell down in prayer before the altar. Diormit followed him more slowly, and saw from a distance that the whole church was filled with a glory of angelic light. As he entered the church the light vanished. "Father, where art thou?" he cried.

14. No answer came, and feeling his way through the darkness, for the lamps had not yet been brought in, he found Saint Columba lying before the altar. Diormit sat down beside him and raised his head. Then, for the last time, Saint Columba blessed his brethren and died,

and the church resounded with the sobs of his people. He was buried in the little island he had loved so well, and to this day many a spot is pointed out as sacred to the Scottish Saint. Here, under Saint Oran's Chapel, is Saint Columba's cell; in the cathedral, below the eastern window, is the stone which was once his pillow; and here, in a spot overlooking the wide Atlantic, is the place where he last blessed his brethren.



IONA.

15. The little island was long used as a burying-place for the Kings of Scotland, and no less than sixty kings lie in Iona, the last being Macbeth. Pilgrimages, too, were made thither long after the death of Columba, and there is an old-world prophecy which says that a great deluge shall some day sweep over the whole earth, and the little island of Iona alone shall stand.



**8. EARLY INHABITANTS OF SCOTLAND.**

“ In ancient days of Caledon.”  
*Scott.*

1. In the time of St. Columba, Scotland was inhabited by two sets of people, the Picts and the Scots, each ruled by their own king. But there are all sorts of old legends and stories as to who were really the very first inhabitants. Here is one: There was once a Greek, who went to Egypt; after doing many great deeds, he was made captain of the forces and married one Scots, Pharaoh's daughter. After the drowning of the Egyptian army in the Red Sea, he fled with his wife to Spain. In course of time a descendant of his went to Ireland and was made king. Then a band of so-called Scots crossed the water under one Fergus, who became King of Scotland. This was three centuries before the Christian era, and a direct line of a hundred and ten kings followed him and sat on the throne. This is but a story.

2. It was in the year 43 that the Romans came over to conquer Britain. It took them thirty-four years to conquer as far north as the Solway Firth, and they found it quite impossible to make their way into the wild and inhospitable forest-land to the north, which they called Caledonia.

3. By the year 80 the Romans had reached the Firth of Tay, and to prevent the Gaels or Celtic tribes from the mountains reconquering the country, they built a chain of fortæ across the land. Now, these Caledonians were in their turn divided into two sets of people, the Picts, or ancient Britons, and the Scots. The Scots had

come over from Ireland, and lived on the western coast of Scotland. Many a time did the Picts and Scots fight against each other, but when the Romans invaded their land they united forces as against a common foe.

4. They joined on one occasion under the King of the Picts, a man of some spirit. "Let us show what men Caledonia has reserved for her defence," he cried; "down upon the foe, and let each man fight as if the fate of his country depended on his single arm."

5. But the Caledonians were driven back to their mountains, and the Romans built another great wall (Antoninus' Wall) from the Firth of Forth to the Firth of Clyde. Then the Caledonians were very angry, and they collected in great numbers to climb the wall. A man named Graham was the first to get over, and the remains of the wall, which may still be seen, is known as Graham's Dyke.

6. As this wall was not sufficient, the Romans built a new wall, seventy miles long, from the Tyne to the Solway Firth, and defended it so well that the Caledonians could not break through or climb over. They could only come up the firths in their boats made of ox-hides stretched upon hoops and worry the defenders at either end of the wall.

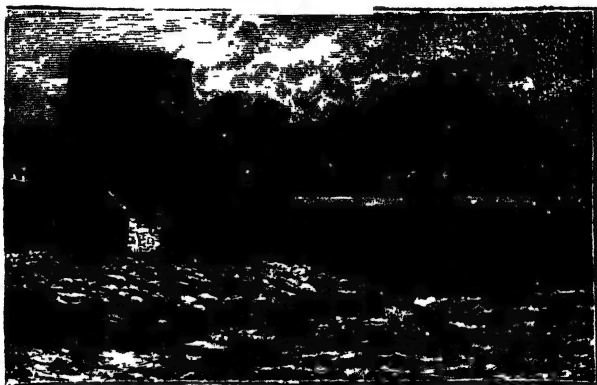
7. Finding they could no longer fight the Romans, the Picts and Scots took to fighting among themselves. It has already been said that the western coast was peopled by a tribe of Scots borne over from Ireland centuries before in a little fleet of boats called coracles. The little kingdom of Scotland founded by these Irishmen lay among the quiet lakes and mountains of Argyll, now submitting to the Picts, now to another strong tribe. -

8. At last the direct line of Pictish kings died out, and the King of the Scots, one Kenneth MacAlpine, who chanced to be a near relation, sat on the vacant throne, so combining the two tribes under one king. For some fifty years the name "King of the Picts" was added to "King of the Scots," but with the opening of the tenth century the very name passes away; the Picts and Pictland vanish from the pages of history, and the "land of the Scots" acknowledged the King of Scotland only.

9. The Scots grew very proud of their own beautiful country, with its mountains and lakes, its great precipices, its wild heaths and heathery moors. They called it "the land of the lakes and mountains and of the brave men"; and truly Scotland has borne plenty of "brave men," as the long centuries have rolled by.

10. Nor must we forget, while talking of the early inhabitants of Scotland, that some of them came across the North Sea from Scandinavia. For the Norsemen came over from Norway to the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and settled there for many a long year, leaving their trace on the people.

11. Many a memorial of these far-off days may still be seen in Scotland. Let us go to the Tower of Mousa on a little island in the Shetland group, and look at the remains of a broch, or Pict's house. It is built of stones, rough and untrimmed, and put loosely together, with no mortar; it is curious in shape, being something like a "ruined pigeon-house." A low door on the ground-level leads into winding galleries or cells. In these brochs have been found stone lamps, pestles for crushing corn, vessels made of whale-bone, showing how rough were the lives of our forefathers of old.



PICT'S HOUSE.

12. There are Roman camps, too—a greater number in Scotland than in all the rest of Europe, showing what a long and hard struggle they must have had with the hardy Caledonians of old times. They are specially numerous at the foot of the Grampians, for here the struggle would seem to have been fiercest.

13. Dykes and roads, too, belonging to these times may still be found, memorial-stones to old forgotten kings and princes whose names never reached the pages of history, crosses put up over good and holy men, old circles testifying to religious observances that now we cannot understand. All these interesting relics and more may be seen to this very day in Scotland by those who have eyes to see them, and who care to learn about the bygone ages of that country they hold so dear to-day.

## 2. THE STORY OF MACBETH.

1033-1056.

" Fear not, till Birnam Wood  
Do come to Dunsinane."

*Shakespeare.*

1. Soon after the Picts and Scots had become one people, there was a King of Scotland called Duncan, a good old man with two young sons, Malcolm and Donaldbane. Now, one day a great fleet of Danes sailed over the seas, landed on the coast of Fife, and began to take possession of the country. A Scottish army must be raised at once to go and fight them. Duncan was too old, his sons were too young, so a relation, Macbeth, a son of the Thane or Earl of Glamis, was chosen.

2. Macbeth collected an army, marched against the Danes, and drove them back into their ships. And now comes a curious old story that the old books tell, and that Shakespeare has used in one of his plays called *Macbeth*.

3. After the victory, Macbeth was returning home through a town in the North of Scotland, where lived three old witches, who pretended to know what was going to happen in the future. They were waiting by the wayside on a moor outside the town for Macbeth to pass. As he was marching along at the head of his soldiers, they stepped before him :

4. " All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis !" said the first. " All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor !" said the second. " All hail, Macbeth ! thou shalt be King hereafter !" said the third.



**MACBETH AND THE WITCHES.**  
*(From the picture by Romney.)*

Macbeth was still wondering what they meant, when a messenger came to tell him his father was dead. He was now Thane of Glamis, and the first witch's prophecy had come true.

5. Then came a messenger from old King Duncan, thanking him for his victory over the Danes, and making him Thane of Cawdor. And the second witch's prophecy had come true. So Macbeth began to wonder how he could get the throne of Scotland, and so have the third prophecy fulfilled. He had a very ambitious wife, who was most anxious to see him King of Scotland, and went so far as to advise him to murder the old King Duncan.

6. Unwilling at first to commit such a crime, Macbeth at last consented. The way in which he did it was very terrible. He invited Duncan to come and visit him at his castle near Inverness, and the King came with his two sons, Malcolm and Donaldbane. They were joyfully received by Macbeth and his wife, Lady Macbeth, and a great feast was given to welcome them.

7. Tired with his "day's hard journey," old Duncan went to bed, and, according to custom, two armed men watched in his room. This was the night selected for the murder. Having drugged the watchmen so that they could not keep awake, Macbeth entered the King's room at dead of night. Outside a storm of wind was raging, "some say the castle was feverous and did shake," but Duncan slept soundly, even till Macbeth had stabbed him to the heart.

8. When the murder became known in the morning, Duncan's two sons at once suspected that their host Macbeth was the guilty man. "There's daggers in

men's smiles," they said, as they made their escape, Malcolm, the eldest, to the English court, and Donald-bane to the Western Isles.

9. So the third witch's prophecy had come true; Macbeth had made himself King of Scotland. He was a very uneasy King; he felt insecure on the throne, and he went off to the three old witches to ask what would happen next. This was their answer:

"Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until  
Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill  
Shall come against him."

10. Now, Birnam Wood or forest was about twelve miles across a broad valley to Dunsinane Hill, where Macbeth lived in a strong castle. Nevertheless, these words made him strengthen his castle and fortify it yet more strongly; for this purpose he caused all his nobles and thanes to send oxen to cart stones and wood up the hill.

11. Among his thanes was one Macduff, Thane of Fife. He lived in the strong castle of Kennoway, on the sea coast of the Firth of Forth. Macbeth had always disliked Macduff, who was very powerful, for he feared some day he might help young Malcolm to claim his rightful throne.

12. One day Macbeth gave a great feast in his castle to his nobles and thanes, and among others Macduff was staying at the castle. Meanwhile the King crept out to see how the men and oxen were working on the hillside. He noticed one pair so tired that they kept falling under their load.

"Whose oxen are these?" he cried angrily.



"They belong to Macduff, Thane of Fife," was the answer.

"Then," cried Macbeth, "since the Thane of Fife sends such worthless cattle to do my work, I will make him drag the burdens himself."

13. It was a well-known fact that when the King of Scotland said a thing he did it. So when Macduff heard this threat, he snatched from the table a loaf of bread, called for his servants and horses, and galloped back to his own castle in Fife. When he came to the broad ferry over the River Tay, he had nothing to give the boatman except the loaf of bread, so for a long time afterwards the place was called the Ferry of the Loaf.

14. Arrived at his own castle of Kennoway, Macduff ordered his wife to shut the gates, draw up the draw-bridge, and allow none of the King's servants to enter, for he knew they were in hot pursuit. She kept the castle until Macduff had got safely off in a boat and was sailing away from Macbeth's fury. Then she went on to the castle wall and spoke to the King, who was standing below. "Do you see yon white sail upon the sea?" she asked. "Yonder goes Macduff to the Court of England. You will never see him again till he comes back with young Prince Malcolm to pull you down from the throne and put you to death."

15. Tradition says the angry King put the brave woman to death, but other stories say that, seeing the fortress at Kennoway was so strong, he returned home to Dunsinane. A few years later Macduff returned with Malcolm and a large army and encamped about Birnam Wood. The next morning, when they were to march across the broad valley to attack the castle, Macduff

ordered each soldier to cut down a bough of a tree and carry it, so that the enemy might not be able to see how many men were advancing.

16. Macbeth had shut himself up in his castle, when the sentinel who stood on the castle wall suddenly saw a "moving grove" coming over the wide valley :

" Fear not, till Birnam Wood  
Do come to Dunsinane."

Surely it was coming now. The old witches' prophecy was true. Most of his followers fled. Macbeth came forth almost alone, only to be killed in the thick of the battle, fighting hand to hand with Macduff. So young Malcolm, the son of Duncan, became King of Scotland.

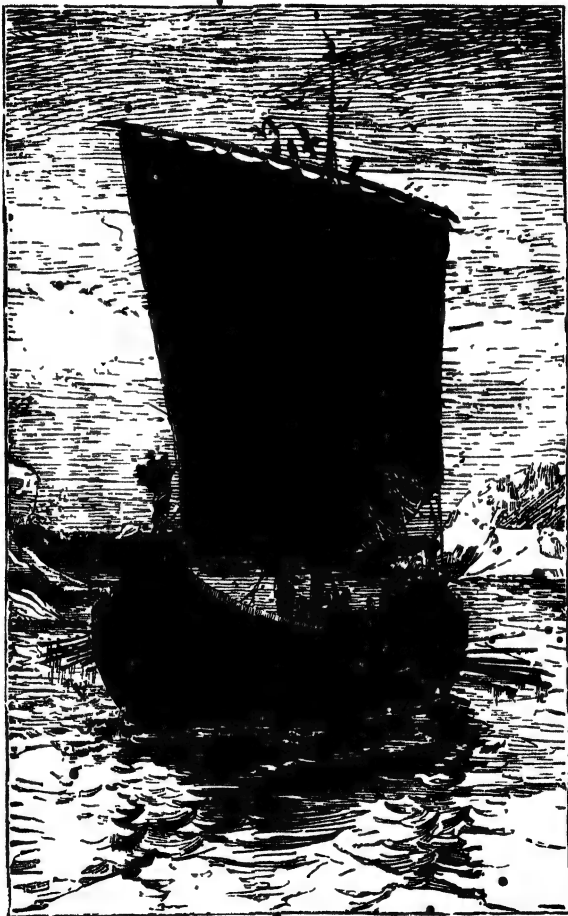
## 10. THE DEATH OF HACO.

1262.

[Haco was the last great sea-king of Norway. He was defeated by the Scottish King Alexander III., and lost the Hebrides Islands, which belonged to Norway.]

1. The summer is gone, Haco, Haco ;  
The yellow year is fled,  
And the winter is come, Haco,  
That numbers thee with the dead.
2. When the year was young, Haco, Haco,  
And the skies were blue and bright,  
Thou didst sweep the seas, Haco,  
Like a bird with wings of might.
3. With thine oaken galley proudly,  
And thy gilded dragon-prow,  
O'er the bounding billows, Haco,  
Like a sea-god thou didst go.

1. With thy barons, gaily, gaily,  
All in proof of burnished mail,  
In the voes of Orkney, Haco,  
Thou didst spread thy prideful sail.
5. And the sturdy men of Caithness,  
And the land of the Mackay,  
And the men of stony Banff, Haco,  
Knew that Norway's King was nigh.
6. And the men of outmost Lewis, Haco,  
And Skye with winding kyles,  
And MacDougall's country, Haco,  
Knew the Monarch of the Isles.
7. And the granite peaks of Arran,  
And the rocks that fence the Clyde,  
Saw the daring Norsemen, Haco,  
Ramping o'er the Scottish tide !
8. But scaith befell thee, Haco, Haco ;  
Thou wert faithful, thou wert brave ;  
But not truth might shield thee, Haco,  
From a false and shuffling knave.
9. The crafty King of Scots, Haco,  
Who might not bar thy way,  
Beguiled thee, honest Haco,  
With lies that bred delay.
10. And hasty winter, Haco, Haco,  
Came and tripped the summer's heels,  
And rent the sails of Haco,  
And swamped his conquering keels.



VIKING SHIP.

11. Woe is me, for Haco, Haco !  
On Lorne and Mull and Skye  
The hundred ships of Haco  
In a thousand fragments lie !
12. And thine oaken galley, Haco,  
That sailed with kingly pride,  
Came shorn and shattered, Haco,  
Through the foaming Pentland tide.
13. And thy heart sank, Haco, Haco,  
And thou felt that thou must die,  
When the Bay of Kirkwall, Haco,  
Thou beheld with drooping eye.
14. And they led thee, Haco, Haco,  
To the Bishop's lordly hall,  
Where the woe-struck barons, Haco,  
Stood to see the mighty fall.
15. And the purple Churchmen, Haco,  
Stood to hold thy royal head ;  
And good words of hope to Haco  
From the Holy Book they read.
16. Then out spake the dying Haco,  
" Dear are God's dear words to me ;  
But read the book to Haco  
Of the kings that ruled the sea."
17. Then they read to dying Haco  
From the ancient Saga hoar,  
Of Halden and of Harold,  
When his fathers worshipped Thor.

18. And they shrove the dying Haco,  
And they prayed his bed beside,  
And with holy unction Haco  
Drooped his kingly head and died.
19. And they bore thee, Haco, Haco,  
To holy Magnus' shrine,  
And beside his sainted bones, Haco,  
They chastely confined thine.
20. And above thee, Haco, Haco,  
To deck thy dreamless bed,  
All crisp with gold for Haco  
A purple pall they spread.
21. And around thee, Haco, Haco,  
Where the iron sleep thou slept,  
Through the long dark winter, Haco,  
A solemn watch they kept.
22. And at early burst of spring-time,  
When the birds sang out with glee,  
They took the body of Haco  
In a ship across the sea.
23. Across the sea to Norway,  
Where thy sires make moan for thee,  
That the last of his race was Haco,  
Who ruled the Western Sea.
24. And they laid thee, Haco, Haco,  
With thy sires on the Norway shore,  
And far from the isles of the sea, Haco,  
That know thy name no more.

## 11. SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

1269-1305.

"God, countrymen, and fatherland,  
Accept the sacrifice."

1. During the period of more than two hundred years since Malcolm, son of Duncan, became King of Scotland, a great many disputes with England had taken place. A strong spirit of independence was growing throughout the country, and a strong desire to get rid of the English altogether. Edward I., King of England, had almost made himself master of Scotland; English soldiers had been put to defend the Scottish castles; Englishmen extorted taxes to be paid to the English treasury. Edward also carried off the Stone of Destiny from Scone, on which the old Scottish Kings were crowned, and placed it in Westminster Abbey, where it now forms part of the British Coronation Chair.

2. If only they had a leader the Scots would rise as a man and put off the English yoke. Such a leader suddenly appeared in the person of William Wallace, "one of the strongest and bravest men that ever lived." Who was he? Blind Harry, the old minstrel, tells us :

"His father was a manly knight,  
His mother was a lady bright,

and this is about all we know. A few stories of his youth have come down to us.

3. One day he was fishing in the River Ayr. He had caught a good many trout, which were being carried by a boy in a fishing-basket. Suddenly two or three English soldiers came up, and roughly took the fish from the boy. Wallace was very angry. Seizing his

only weapon, the butt-end of his fishing-rod, he struck one of the Englishmen so hard under his ear, that he killed him on the spot. Then, grasping the dead man's sword, he fought furiously till the others had to flee for their lives, and Wallace brought back his fish in triumph.

4. This was his first encounter with Englishmen. It was not his last. A few years later he was living in the town of Lanark with his wife. One day as he walked in the market-place, dressed in green, with a sword by his side, an Englishman came up and insulted him on account of his finery. It came to a quarrel; once more Wallace drew his sword and killed the Englishman. He had but just time to make his escape to a rocky glen amid crags full of high precipices, where he knew the English could not follow him.

5. But the English soldiers were so angry that they went and killed his wife and servants, and a reward was offered to anyone who should capture William Wallace, alive or dead. But the Scottish people were growing too fond of him to give him up. Daily more of them flocked to him in his hiding-place amid the hills and crags, and from time to time they sallied forth to attack the English.

6. At last he found himself at the head of a large body of Scotsmen, and he took up his camp on the banks of the Forth, near Stirling, where the river was crossed by a long wooden bridge. Meanwhile the English were hastening to attack him, under the command of the Earl of Surrey. They encamped on the opposite side of the river, and they sent proposals of peace with pardon.



7. "Go back," cried the Scottish leader to the royal messenger; "go back and tell your general we value not the pardon of the King of England. We are come here ready for battle—ready to avenge our wrongs and set our country free. Let the English come on!"

8. Angry at his proud answer, the English cried to be led on against the "bold rebel," and the army began to cross the long wooden bridge under the town of Stirling. Wallace was soldier enough to allow half of the English to cross the bridge with safety. Then, when the bridge was crowded with those who were following, he charged down with his full strength. Numbers were thrown into the river and drowned, others were slain, and the rest put to flight.

9. The remains of the army fled out of Scotland, and Wallace took many of the forts and castles in the neighbourhood. He was now a national hero. To show their gratitude, to confer on him some honour for his services to the country, they made him Governor of Scotland in the year 1297.

10. But the English King was not going to stand quietly by and see Sir William Wallace become the uncrowned King of Scotland. So he gathered together a huge army; he had some of the finest cavalry in the world, all clothed in complete armour; he had famous archers, each of whom was said to carry twelve Scotsmen's lives under his girdle, meaning that with each arrow they would kill one of the enemy. The Scots had good archers, too, but the greater part of the Scottish army fought on foot, armed only with long spears; they were placed thick and close together, with their spears point over point.



THE WALLACE MONUMENT.

‘The sword, that seemed fit for an angel to wield,  
Was light in his terrible hand.’—*Campbell*

■ See page 148

11. It was on a July morning, near Falkirk, that the two armies met. The English cavalry attacked; they rode hard against the long lances held solidly together by Wallace's men, and a great cry arose as they came against each other. The Scotsmen stood their ground well, but it was no good; the English were too strong for them, and they were obliged to retreat.

12. Wallace fought bravely to the end, but at last he, too, was obliged to flee away to the hills, where he wandered about with a few faithful followers for seven long years. The King of England compelled the barons and nobles to give in to him. A reward was set on the head of Wallace, but he would not yield.

13. At last, through the treachery of a servant, Sir William Wallace was discovered one night and taken to London, to be tried as a traitor. A crown of laurel was placed on his head, over his long fair hair, in bitter mockery, as he was led to trial before his English judges, for they said he had been a king of outlaws and robbers among the woods and hills of Scotland.

14. "You are accused of being a traitor to the English crown," they said.

"I could not be a traitor to Edward, for he is not my king," answered Wallace angrily.

"You have killed many Englishmen, and done much violence," they said.

"It is true I have killed many Englishmen," he answered firmly; "and I would kill as many more, if they tried to oppress my native country of Scotland."

15. But they would accept no defence. The sentence "Guilty!" rang through the judgment-hall at Westminster, and Wallace was condemned to die. The once

brilliant soldier and brave patriot was dragged at the tails of horses through the streets of London. His head was struck off amid murmurs of pity which arose from the crowd, for the English people felt the sentence was hard on the man who had been Scotland's idol, and "who had defended his country even with his life."

## 12. STORY OF ROBERT BRUCE.

"And stamp'd in characters of flame  
On Scottish breasts *The Bruce's name*."

*Old Ballad.*

1. Though Wallace was dead, other patriots were ready to take his place and fight for Scottish liberty. There were three men who claimed the throne. One of them, John Baliol, was in prison; the others were Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, and John Comyn. Both had borne arms under Wallace, and both, after the defeat at Falkirk, had submitted to England, and acknowledged Edward as King of Scotland.

2. But certain events roused Bruce to a sense of what he was doing. The English despised him for the part he was playing, and he suddenly resolved he would do all in his power to fight for Scotland, and help her to regain her liberty and independence. Hoping to secure the help of his rival, John Comyn, against a common foe, he escaped from London to Dumfries, and there met Comyn in a church.

3. What passed between the two men is not known. They had high words, and words led to blows, inasmuch that Comyn was slain. After this rash deed Bruce became desperate.

"Henceforth," he said to his wife, "thou art Queen of Scotland and I King."

Sadly answered Mary Bruce: "I fear we are only playing at royalty, like children in their games."

4. Nevertheless, Bruce was crowned at Scone one March day in 1306, and the King of England was very angry. Sick and old as he was, he led his army northward, vowing vengeance on Robert Bruce, but in very sight of Scotland he died. Edward desired his bones to be carried before the army until the conquest of Scotland was completed, but his son, Edward the Second, at once buried him in Westminster Abbey, and on his tomb are the words, "Here lies the Hammer of the Scots." The army was led on, and Robert Bruce, the new King, was defeated, and obliged to flee to the Highlands. Strong and brave and hopeful, Bruce bore his hardships with a courage that never failed.

"Whatever happens, let us never despair," he would say to his companions, among whom was his faithful wife. "Be of good cheer, all will yet go well."

5. In the legends which cluster round his name, we see him listening in Highland glens to the bay of bloodhounds on his track, or holding singlehanded a pass against a crowd of savage clansmen. But worse troubles awaited him. His wife was taken prisoner, his brother Nigel was beheaded, and things looked very dark for Scotland.

6. One day he had thrown himself wearily enough on to a heap of straw in a barn and was lying sleepless and forlorn, when his eye rested on a spider hanging by a long thin web from the roof of the barn, in vain trying to fasten it across from one beam to another. Six

times it tried, six times it failed. "Six times have I fought against the English," thought the Scottish King; "six times have I failed. If this spider tries again and succeeds, I, too, will try again; if it fails, I will go away, and never come back to my country again."

At the seventh try the spider succeeded.

"It has won!" cried Bruce. "I may win, too." He never thought of deserting his country again.

7. Meanwhile Edward II. of England was collecting an enormous army to obey his father's dying commands and fight in Scotland.

It was June, 1314, when he arrived with one of the largest armies England had ever equipped, to find Bruce encamped below Stirling Castle, near the rushing little stream called Bannock Burn, which gave its name to this great contest. Attacked by the English lancers, the Scots stood their ground well. Again and again did the English try to break the lines of the Scottish spearmen. Too keenly did the Scots remember the many insults and injuries they had received from the English, the long years of oppression, the cruel outrages; they must fight desperately, as men fight when their country's freedom is at stake.

8. "From afar was heard the clashing and crashing of armour, the whizzing flight of arrows through the air, the confused shouting of the war-cries, and with it the agonizing moans and groans of the wounded and dying. Masterless horses were madly running hither and thither, heedless of friend or foe. The ground was streaming with blood, and strewn with shreds of armour, broken spears, arrows and pennons, rich scarfs and armorial bearings, torn and soiled with blood and clay."

9. "On them—they fail—the day is ours!" cried the Scots, as the English lines gave way. Seeing the English in confusion, the Scottish camp-followers dashed down the hill, one and all, and very soon their conquest was complete.

With one last despairing gaze at the battlefield where thirty thousand Englishmen lay dead, the young King of England fled in utter bewilderment. The struggle was over.

10. "Glory to the heroes who fought and bled and fell that day; while Scotsmen's blood runs warm, and human sympathies endure, the nation's heart will throb over the remembrance of Bannockburn."

Robert Bruce was now King of Scotland, though it was many years before he could make honourable peace with England. At last it was settled that Bruce's little son David should marry the English King's sister Joanna, but the wedding never came to pass.

11. For the hardships and sufferings that Bruce had endured in the past injured his health severely. He was now no longer able to sit on his horse or command his army.

Calling his friends round his bedside, says an old story, the King uttered his last desires and instructions. To his faithful friend Sir James Douglas was given the dearest charge of all. He was to carry the Bruce's heart to the Holy Land, and lay it in the Holy Sepulchre.

12. "Most faithfully and willingly shall I obey your commands," answered the Scottish knight; "though I feel myself unworthy of the great honour you have done me."



STATUE OF ROBERT BRUCE AT STIRLING.



"Ah, gentle knight, I heartily thank you," murmured the dying King.

And so Robert Bruce died.

13. Then, says the story, Douglas had a case of silver made, into which he put the Bruce's heart, and, hanging it round his neck by a golden chain, he started for the Holy Land, with a little band of brave men, to fulfil the King's dying wish. But on the way out difficulties befell the little party; they fought against Moors in Spain, where they landed, and Douglas was surrounded by the enemy. Taking from his neck the silver casket containing the heart of the beloved master whom he had so often followed to battle, he cried:

"Pass first in fight, as thou wast wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee or die!" Then he rushed forward, and throwing his body over the casket, defending it with his life to the last, there he was slain.

14. Then the little band decided to bring back the Bruce's heart to Scotland.

"We bore the good Lord James away,  
And the priceless heart we bore,  
And heavily we steered our ship  
Towards the Scottish shore.

"No welcome greeted our return,  
Nor clang of martial tread,  
But all were dumb and hushed as death  
Before the mighty dead."

"We laid our chief in Douglas kirk,  
The heart in fair Melrose;  
And woful men were we that day—  
God grant their souls repose!"

*Aytoun.*

### 13. BANNOCKBURN.

[Robert Bruce's address to his army.]

1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led !  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to glorious victory !
2. Now's the day and now's the hour ;  
See the front of battle lower ;  
See approach proud Edward's power—  
Edward ! chains and slavery !
3. Wha will be a traitor knave ?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?  
Wha sae base as be a slave ?  
Traitor ! coward ! turn and flee !
4. Wha for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Free-man stand or free-man fa' ?  
Caledonians ! on wi' me !
5. By oppression's woes and pains !  
By your sons in servile chains !  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall—they *shall* be free !
6. Lay the proud usurpers low !  
Tyrants fall in every foe !  
Liberty's in every blow !  
Forward ! let us do or die !

"

*Burns.*

#### 14. FLODDEN FIELD.

• 1513. •

“ O for one hour of Wallace Wight,  
Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,  
'And cry, ' St. Andrew and our right ! ' ”

*Scott.*

1. Robert Bruce was dead, but his descendants sat on the throne of Scotland. King James IV. had married a daughter of Henry VII., King of England; this marriage brought about the union of the crowns in 1603. Accordingly, when James had made up his mind, contrary to the advice of all, to invade England to assist the French who were at war with England, there was a great outcry, and one and all tried to dissuade him from his plan. But in vain.

2. In the month of August, 1513, James the Fourth crossed the Border into England with nearly fifty thousand men. He made a “ proclamation through all the realm of Scotland to all manner of men between sixty and sixteen years, that they should be ready within twenty 'days with forty days' victual, to meet at the Borough Moor of Edinburgh, and there to pass forward where he pleased . . . and every man loved his prince so well that they would no way disobey him.”

3. At first everything went well. Several Border castles with rich spoils were taken. But soon the great army began to dwindle, the Scottish soldiers were anxious to take their booty home, and when their forty days' food was eaten they deserted in large numbers.

4. Meanwhile, twenty-six thousand English, under the Earl of Surrey, were approaching. King James,

with the best and bravest of his soldiers, encamped on a hill called Flodden Edge, in Northumberland, a situation so strong that the English general, Surrey, saw he must try to entice them down into the plain. He marched round to the north of Flodden Edge, which is less steep on that side, and took up a position between James and his own kingdom, Scotland.

5. When the Scottish leaders saw they were cut off from Scotland, they determined to wait no longer. They burnt their tents, and under cover of the smoke crept slowly down the hill. Many of the Scots were anxious that James should quit the field.

6. "You, my lords," said Patrick Lindsay, "will be unwise if you stake your King against the English general, who is but an old crooked churl lying in a chariot. Though the English lose the day, they lose nothing but this old churl, and a parcel of mechanics; whereas so many of our common people have gone home, that few are left with us but the pride of our nobility."

7. Flodden was one of the first British battles in which neither side followed the old plan of dividing the army into van, main, and rear. The Scots, who were accompanied by certain skilled French soldiers, adopted a quite new arrangement. In earlier battles they had generally been so closely packed that the divisions got in each other's way. At Flodden the opposite mistake was made. The columns were so far apart, that, during the battle, it was impossible to keep the different parts of the army in touch with each other.

8. The left wing of the Scots soon overpowered the right wing of the English, but the victors were held in

check by the enemy's reserve cavalry. Meanwhile, the Scottish right wing, consisting chiefly of Highlanders, was completely broken by the English archers, many of whom carried bows more than six feet in length. It soon became clear that the issue of the battle would depend upon the centre divisions, where Surrey was commanding the English, and James himself led the Scots.

9. Round the King were grouped the flower of the Scottish host, and as they, for the most part, wore good armour, the English arrows did not hurt them. Both divisions were on foot.

10. "The said Scots," says an English writer of that time, "were so plainly determined to abide battle, and not to flee, that they put from them their horses, and also put off their boots and shoes, and fought in their hose."

11. They were armed with pikes and spears, and the Englishman, excepting the archers, carried their national weapon, the bill. This was a large double-headed axe ending in a sharp spike, and dealt fearful wounds.

12. The Scottish nobles charged with such fury that at first it seemed as if they would carry all before them, and Surrey's standard was nearly captured; but at a critical moment Sir Edward Stanley, the victorious leader of the English left wing, came up behind, and turned the fortune of the day.

13. Night came on, James fell within a lance length of the Earl of Surrey, and still the Scots held their ground. They fought in a circle, their spears pointing outwards, and no man yielded or asked for quarter. At last, when it was near dawn, the English drew off.

Their losses were heavy, but the Scots left ten thousand men dead on the field, and there is scarcely an old family in Scotland that did not lose an ancestor at Flodden.

“ Still from the sire the son shall hear  
Of the stern strife and carnage drear  
Of Flodden's fatal field,  
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,  
And broken was her shield !”

*Scott.*

## 15. JOHN KNOX.

1505-1572.

[“ The bravest of all Scotchmen—the Scotchman to whom, of all others, his country and the world owes a debt.”—*Carlyle*.]

1. John Knox, the great reformer—above all, the pioneer of elementary education—was but eight years old when the battle of Flodden was fought and lost, plunging the country in despair and mourning. “ The bravest of all Scotchmen,” this is what his own countryman Carlyle calls him.

2. And why? Did he fight for his land, like Wallace? Was he satisfied to endure hardships and exile like Bruce, so that in the end he might help his oppressed country? Was he as faithful as the Douglas? He did what is harder to save people than fighting; he stood up singlehanded in evil times, and told men simply and plainly they must reform—their selves, their Church, and their country.

3. The movement known as the Reformation was spreading over Europe. The abuses which had made their way into the Church were being exposed. And the man to take up the work in Scotland was John

Knox. It was an unpopular work ; his life was often in danger, but Knox did not mind that.

4. Soon the people recognised the fact that it was no common man they had among them ; here was one who dared to stand up at the peril of his life and teach his countrymen those lessons he had learnt himself. As yet he had only taught ; he had not preached.

One Sunday he was listening to a preacher at St.

5. Andrews. Having finished his sermon, the preacher Andriod solemnly to John Knox, and told him that by the consent he was asked to take his place as minister generally of them.

"Among this was your charge unto me ?" said the preacher,

"Turning to the congregation.

turn "It was, and we approve it," was the answer.

"Knox stood up before the congregation who had chosen him, but he was too much overcome to speak ; bursting into tears, he left the chapel, and for some days he was in grievous trouble, feeling how poor and weak he was in the face of such great work.

The following Sunday he appeared in the pulpit of the parish church of St. Andrews, and preached his first great Protestant sermon. Knox himself had been a Roman Catholic once, with most other Scotsmen, but now he was very strong in the new faith, and many followed his example and became Protestants. \*

6. This growing strength among the Protestants at St. Andrews made the Roman Catholics in France and other parts of Scotland very anxious, for Mary "Queen of Scots," now Queen of France, was a Catholic herself. One fine day a French fleet appeared before St. Andrews, took the castle, and carried off Knox and his helpers as

prisoners. They were bound with chains, and violence was used to make them change their religion. All the long winter they were fast bound on the galleys, but firm as ever in their Protestant faith.

7. When they were at last given their liberty, a Protestant king, Edward the Sixth, was on the English throne; toleration was given to all, and Knox could



JOHN KNOX.

preach without danger. But not for long. Changes were at hand, and, with the coronation of the Roman Catholic Queen Mary, Knox was obliged to flee for his life away out of the country altogether.

8. Not for many years could he return to Scotland, and then he found his country in a critical state. "John Knox slept in Edinburgh last night." The news spread quickly; a messenger was despatched to headquarters.



and in a few days Knox was publicly declared to be an "outlaw and rebel." He hurried to Perth, where his chief supporters lived, and some thousand men swore to stand by him to the end.

9. In spite of danger, he eagerly preached the new religion to the people, and when the last sound of his powerful voice had died away, little groups of men would stand about to discuss this new teaching. Something in its truth appealed to them strongly, and in larger and yet larger numbers they crowded to hear him preach.

10. At last Knox resolved to preach once more at St. Andrews. Hearing of his design, the Roman Catholic Archbishop collected an armed force, and said if Knox dared to appear in the pulpit the soldiers should fire on him. But the "bravest of all Scotsmen" did dare. He was not blind to his danger; he knew his appearance in the pulpit might be the signal for death; but he would sooner die at his post, doing his duty as a soldier on the battlefield.

11. His courage awed his very enemies; thousands of citizens received him gladly, and the foes retired without firing a shot. "In six short weeks Knox and the Reformers were masters of the field; not a life had been lost, not a blow struck; but none dared contest the power of the man who had ventured all for the right, willing to "conquer or to die."

12. "The long thirst of my heart is now satisfied in abundance," wrote Knox, when town after town turned eagerly to Protestantism.

In 1560 the young King of France died, and in the following year Mary Queen of Scots landed in Scotland. She was beautiful, she was clever, she was a Roman

Catholic—all Scotland flocked to do her homage. Knox alone withstood her spell; he did not approve of her religion; he hated the frivolities of her court.

13. The Queen sent for him. "Who are *you*," she cried angrily, "that presume to correct the nobles and sovereigns of this realm?"

Calmly, truthfully the stern Reformer answered her. Week after week he preached in the church at Edinburgh; week after week he denounced the proceedings at Mary's court. In vain she threatened him, flattered him, scolded him.

"What have you to do with my affairs?" she repeated angrily. The Reformer's answer made the Queen burst into tears.

After the marriage of Mary and Lord Darnley, Knox preached a sermon which gave great offence to the royal couple. He was called before the Council and forbidden to preach any more.

14. Nevertheless, when Mary was forced to give up the throne to her infant son James VI., Knox preached the coronation sermon.

Still he continued to preach and teach till 1570, when he became very ill. It was whispered through Scotland that John Knox would never preach again.

"Have you hope?" they asked him in his last moments. He pointed upwards with his finger, and so died.

"Honour to him," said Carlyle. "His works have not died."

"Here lies one," said the Regent Morton, as he stood by the coffin, "who never feared the face of man."

## 16. TRIAL AND DEATH OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

1586-1587.

" For there are hearts in Scotland yet  
That burn for Mary's wrong."

*N. Clyne.*

1. The power of Knox was yet at its height when Mary, the young widowed Queen of France, returned to her native land. Girl as she was, being yet but nineteen, she saw the difficult task that lay before her, that of uniting her own realm about her, and breaking the close bond which had grown up between the Protestants of Scotland and Elizabeth Queen of England. As she sailed away from the coast of France that August day in 1561, the tears were in her eyes as with a bursting heart she cried : " Farewell, farewell, happy France ; I shall never see thee more !"

2. Mary was a Roman Catholic, and considering the state of the Reformed Church in Scotland, it was no wonder she felt anxious as she landed at Leith a few days later. With a view to strengthening the position of Catholics in Scotland, she married Lord Darnley, the next heir to the Scottish throne, himself a Catholic ; but he turned out a wretched husband, and after the birth of her little son, James VI. of Scotland, Darnley was murdered, it is said with Mary's knowledge.

3. Troubles were gathering fast around the unhappy Queen. And when she further married the Earl of Bothwell, the supposed murderer of her last husband Darnley, her subjects broke into open revolt. Catholics and Protestants together gathered at Stirling and marched on Edinburgh. Outside the town they met Mary and Bothwell, who were obliged to surrender.



THE BEDROOM OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, HOLYROOD, AT THE PRESENT TIME

Bothwell galloped off into lifelong exile, while the Queen was brought back to Edinburgh.

4. As she rode through the streets, her hair loose, her garments torn, covered with dust and overcome with grief and weariness, the once beautiful Queen of France and Scotland was mocked at by the crowd. The next day she was made to get up at dead of night, hastily dressed in a coarse riding-cloak and hood of russet cloth, mounted on horseback, taken to the waterside, rowed across the Firth of Forth, and then mounted on horse-

## 72 TRIAL AND DEATH OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

back again. She knew not where she was going, she was almost too unhappy to care much.

5. At last in the early dawn she saw the well-known outline of the Fife Hills, and presently the sad little procession stopped beside the broad blue waters of Loch Leven. She was quickly rowed across to the castle fortress on an island in the midst of the stormy little lake, where she was doomed to spend so many weary months in loneliness and sorrow.

6. Here she was forced to resign her crown in favour of her child, and the baby of thirteen months was crowned King James VI. of Scotland at Stirling in July, 1567. She had been a captive in the castle of Loch Leven just about a year when she managed to make her escape.

7. In the garrison, and related to Mary's gaoler, the lord of Loch Leven, was one William Douglas, so young and small that he was usually known as "Little Douglas." Touched with pity for the unhappy Queen, he managed to steal the keys of the castle one Sunday night while supper was going on. He let Mary out of the tower when all had gone to bed, locked the castle gates to stop pursuit, and rowed the Queen and her waiting-woman to shore, throwing the keys of the castle into the lake.

8. Mary was free; but at the Battle of Langside her supporters were defeated, and in an unhappy hour she resolved to go to Elizabeth, Queen of England, for protection and help. "It is my earnest request that your Majesty will send for me as soon as possible," she wrote. "I have no other dress than that in which I escaped; my first day's ride was sixty miles across the country, and I have not since dared to travel except by

night. May it please you to take pity on my extreme misfortune."

9. Elizabeth's answer was severe. She would not receive Mary until she had satisfied herself as to the Queen's innocence of the Darnley murder. Meanwhile she would be closely guarded at Carlisle. In one gloomy room, lit only by one casement, latticed with iron bars, the Queen of Scotland spent many weary months. Yet, though captive, she was not idle. She was trying to get help from France, and rousing the North of England to action. Plots were formed by her friends, while the Duke of Norfolk promised to obtain her freedom if she would marry him hereafter. But feeling was running high. Norfolk's plot was found out, and he was imprisoned.

10. Meantime Mary was moved about from one place of captivity to another. She was at Sheffield when she heard the news that the Duke of Norfolk had been tried and condemned to death for her sake. Her health suffered severely, and she wept very bitterly, but all her prayers could not avail to save his life. With his death Mary's party was seriously weakened, and nothing seemed to lie before her save captivity and death.

11. And so the long years passed slowly away. The Queen spent her time in needlework and in feeding her little birds, at the same time hopelessly plotting against Elizabeth and her many enemies. In the middle of the winter of 1585 she was sent to Tutbury Castle, a desolate enough place, exposed on all sides to cold winds, damp, unhealthy, and ill-furnished. She was only allowed to walk out under an escort of eighteen armed men. Unhappy and ill, her life was a burden to her.

12. Yet she still managed to correspond with her friends, with a forlorn hope of regaining her liberty. Letters were smuggled in to her by means of the brewer's barrel, in which they were placed. But at last one of her secret letters was found, and the plot of murdering Elizabeth was discovered.

13. Mary was removed to Fotheringay Castle, there to await public trial. "Let me go," she wrote to Elizabeth. "Let me retire from this island to some solitude where I may prepare my soul to die." But her cries were useless; a more terrible end awaited her.

14. One day in early autumn she was almost carried—for she was very ill—into the great hall of Fotheringay, which had been made into a court of justice. The unhappy Queen was conducted to a velvet chair, and charged with plotting against Elizabeth. The Scottish Queen declared that she had never agreed to the murder of the English Queen, but her denial was of no use; the trial could have but one end. She was found guilty and condemned to be executed.

"Madam," she wrote to Elizabeth, "I return thanks to God with all my heart that it pleases Him to put an end to the weary pilgrimage of my life."

15. It was yet early in February, 1587, when the two Earls appointed to carry out the death sentence arrived at the castle.

"At what hour am I to die?" asked the Queen.

"To-morrow, madam, about eight o'clock in the morning."

Her faithful servants were bathed in tears, but she comforted them with calm assurances that her misfortunes were near an end.



DEATH WARRANT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.



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16. She spent the night in reading and writing. When they came for her in the morning she was on her knees.

"Madam, the Lords await you," was the message.

"Yes," said the Queen, rising; "let us go."

To her weeping attendants she spoke firmly. "Thou shouldst rejoice that Mary Stuart has arrived at the close of her misfortunes. Bear away these tidings, that I die firm in my religion, a true Catholic, a true Scotchwoman. May God forgive those who have sought my death!"

17. The scaffold was put up in the lower hall of Fotheringay. Brave to the end, the unfortunate Queen laid her head on the block, and in another moment the executioner held up her head, saying in a broken voice: "God save Queen Elizabeth!"

"And thus," said a solitary voice from out the weeping crowd, "may all her enemies perish."

## 17. UNION OF SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND.

"One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne."

*Tennyson.*

1. When news of the execution of the unfortunate Queen Mary reached Scotland, her son James, with others, gave vent to his anger, and uttered threats of revenge against Elizabeth of England. The Queen, in agonies of remorse, sent to the young King apologizing for this "unhappy accident," as she was pleased to call the execution of the Scottish Queen, but James refused to admit her messenger into his presence. When mourn-



JAMES I. AND VI.

ing was ordered at court for the departed Mary, the Earl of Argyll appeared in armour, plainly showing *his* feelings on the subject.

2. But James was timorous. He was not fond of war; moreover, he was hair to the English throne, and it was to his advantage to keep friends with Elizabeth. He had been King of Scotland in name from a mere baby, but he was still governed by Regents. Indeed, it was said he could not give his friends a dinner without begging poultry and venison from his wealthy subjects; and he was kept so short of clothes that he had to request the loan of a pair of silk hose from the Earl of Mar to receive a messenger from the Spanish court!

3. So nothing was done. And in 1603 a messenger

arrived at Holyrood, the King's palace, to announce the news that Elizabeth was dead, and James VI. of Scotland was now James I. of, England, Scotland and Ireland. This was on March 27. On Wednesday, April 4, James set out with a numerous train of attendants, with banners flying and trumpets sounding, amid the thunder of cannon and bells of thanksgiving, to take possession of his new kingdom. A month later he arrived in London, where he received a hearty welcome from the English people.

4. If the English received their new King with signs of joy, the Scottish people were no less pleased. England was rich, England was peacefully flourishing; the Scots were poor, torn by their many wars and quarrels, and they now flocked to the English court in hundreds, each hoping to come in for a share of the spoil. It is said James was shocked at the greediness of his countrymen, and at their miserable appearance among the rich English courtiers. They were "idle rascals and miserable bodies," and "most displeasing to his Majesty," so a general proclamation was read aloud at every market-cross in Scotland, saying that no Scotsman might travel to England without leave of the Privy Council. General disgust was the result of this, as might have been expected.

5. All sorts of rhymes and songs were written and sung about James :

"Bonny Scot, all witness can,  
England has made thee a gentleman.  
Thy blue bonnet, when thou came hither,  
Would scarcely keep out wind or weather ;  
But now it is turn'd to a hat and a feather."

6. And yet James himself wished for a union of hearts as well as of thrones. "The Englishman who does not



love a Scotsman as his brother is a traitor to God and the King," he declared, though he did not set to work to help on these relations. Determined on making the union as complete as possible, he ordered the garrisons at Carlisle and Berwick to be removed, the old border "keeps" to be destroyed, and coins to be struck with emblems of the two

nations. He assumed the title of King of Great Britain, and proclaimed that all subjects born after his accession should be entitled to the same trading privileges that England possessed. The white cross of St. Andrew, too, was added to the red cross of England and the red cross of Ireland, though the Union Jack did not become by law the national flag till the Act of Union in 1707.

7. This mutual freedom in commerce between the two countries opened the eyes of the Scots to the advantages of a closer union with their more powerful and wealthy neighbours. It will be well to look ahead a little, and see the result of the union on the two countries. The poet Burns was wrong when he cried in despair, thinking of the union :

"Farewell to a' our Scottish fame,  
Farewell our ancient glory!  
Farewell even to the Scottish name,  
Sae fam'd in martial story."

On the contrary, both kingdoms have been strengthened by the union, though it took a long time for the Scottish people to believe it should be so. Trade in Scotland revived, agriculture improved, cities sprang up and grew prosperous, harbours were filled with ships, the wild Highlands were opened up.

8. Here is a man speaking to Scotsmen who were suspicious of the union: "'Tis a slander on your country to say 'tis a barren land. 'Tis want of trade to whet industry, profit to whet trade, want of goods and stocks to produce profit—this is the barrenness your country complains of. Your lands enclosed, manured, and cultivated, would be as rich, your cattle as large, your sheep as fat, and your wool as fine as in England; your barren moors would yield corn, the hills flocks of sheep, and your better lands would feed strong and valuable cattle. From hence would proceed dairies, milk, butter, cheese, etc., which, being plentiful and cheap, would feed your poor in a better manner, and deliver them from the misery and hardship which now makes your people fly from their native country.

9. "I desire to speak one word to the citizens of Edinburgh, I know, it is suggested that this union shall prejudice the city and trade. Hundreds of families in England have their eyes this way, to engage in your commerce, embark their stock in your trade, manufactures, and fishing, increase your shipping, and improve your lands. Whoever lives twenty years here will see you increase in wealth and people, and, in spite of an unhappy situation, in buildings too."

10. These words were uttered shortly before the Act of Union passed in 1707. Surely they have come very true, and the prophecy of future prosperity has now been

amply fulfilled for Scotland. A spirit of industry, formerly unknown to Scotland, was awakened, former discords have been forgotten, and the kingdoms unite as one people in the improvement and defence of the island which they inhabit.

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### 18. UNION SONG.

1. Long time in the rude ages of old,  
The Scot and the Southron were strangers and  
foes,  
And oft at their meeting on rampart and wold  
Hath clang'd the harsh discord of battles and  
blows.
2. Now smiling in verdure their battle-fields lie,  
And Britons meet Britons as aliens no more,  
For, bound in a union majestic and high,  
Their hearts have forgotten the rancour of yore.
3. Fair England, thy rose hath its bloom from above,  
Thy thistle, proud Scotland, is strong on its stem,  
And long-parted Erin, thy river of love •  
Adds strength to thy beauty and honour to them.
4. The flag of their union far o'er the wide earth  
Is welcomed with gladness ; and ne'er may it cease  
To wave as the emblem of valour and worth,  
Proclaiming in battle the promise of peace.
5. The children shall equal the deeds of the sire,  
The future in glory out-glory the past ;  
And dearly we'll cherish, till Time shall expire,  
One Country, one Cause, and one Hope at the last.

*N. Clyne.*

## 19. THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

1612-1650.

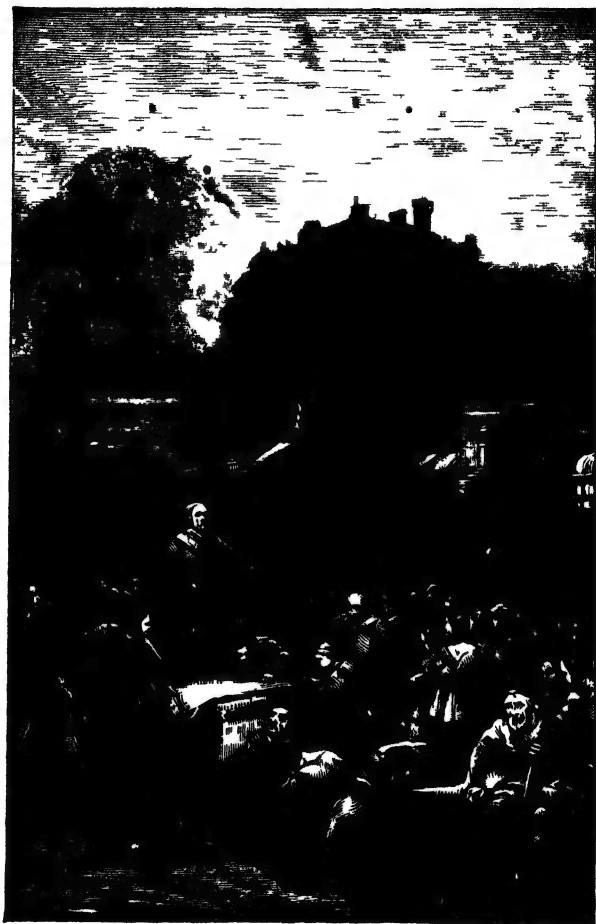
"And he never walked to batt'e  
More proudly than to die."

*Aytoun.*

1. James I. was dead. The union had brought about the settlement of many vexed questions in Scotland and England, but with regard to the Church matters were yet very unsettled. Charles I. had succeeded his father, and his visit to Scotland in 1633 for his coronation brought matters to a head. He was determined to introduce the English Prayer-Book into the Scottish Church. The people of Scotland, who were Presbyterians, were equally determined that this should never be.

2. They drew up a protest, which they called the National Covenant, and all who signed it bound themselves to resist any change in Church matters. Among the foremost in drawing up and signing this Covenant was James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, a man of high genius, glowing with the ambition which prompts great actions, "brave to rashness, a poet, a scholar, and a hero." Around him Sir Walter Scott has woven a romance called "The Legend of Montrose," which story gives a capital idea of these times.

3. The Covenant was signed with enthusiasm in Scotland; some signed with tears running down their cheeks; some, it is said, drew blood to write their names in place of ink. But Charles would not give in, and Montrose, in May, 1639, entered the loyal town of Aberdeen at the head of ten thousand men, with trumpets sounding and banners flying. His men all wore blue scarves, known as "Montrose's whimsies," in



SIGNING THE NATIONAL COVENANT IN GREYFRIARS CHURCHYARD,  
EDINBURGH.



opposition to the King's party, who wore red ribbons. Montrose was victorious, and Aberdeen was reduced.

4. Such was the state of affairs when the King agreed to meet several of the leading Covenanters at Berwick, where a treaty was signed. But that treaty was soon broken, and Montrose was among those who crossed the border to invade England. Brave and reckless as he was, Scotland will ever remember that he was the first to cross the Tweed before the Covenanters' army. He plunged into the strong current alone, and, having crossed, he recrossed to lead the army over. Yet there were murmurs that Montrose was favouring the King, that he was not whole-hearted about the Covenant.

5. And these murmurs were not unfounded. Montrose found the Covenanters were planning to dethrone Charles and take the government of Scotland into their own hands. Of these secret intentions he wrote to the King. A letter from Charles to Montrose was discovered hidden in the messenger's saddle, and in 1641 Montrose was sent to Edinburgh Castle as a prisoner.

6. When finally released he again warned the King of what was going on in Scotland, but it was not till the Scottish army once more appeared on the borders that he saw the truth of Montrose's warnings.

"Montrose, what is to be done?" he asked, now placing full confidence in him.

"I will save the throne of Scotland or die!" cried Montrose, full of loyalty.

7. It was not till 1644 that Montrose was given command of the King's troops to be raised in Scotland. And even then everything was against him. He was

obliged to wander about in the Highlands dressed as a shepherd in order to learn the feeling of the country with regard to the King. There is a story that one day when he was wandering in his shepherd's plaid, a stranger appeared, holding a fiery cross aloft and calling on the loyal clans to fight for the King.

8. The loyal clans collected at Athol. Montrose threw off his disguise, and amid enthusiastic cheering he held up the King's commission. Eagerly the Highland clans rallied round him, and soon he entirely routed the Covenanters' army at Perth. The loyal mountaineers next marched on Aberdeen. Montrose had entered the town before wearing the blue ribbon of the Covenanters; he entered it now with the royalist red ribbon, and was again victorious.

9. The Duke of Argyll was at the head of the Covenanters, and he now offered a reward of twenty thousand pounds for the Marquis of Montrose, alive or dead, after which he retired, secure, as he thought, to his castle at Inverary for the winter. What was his surprise one day to hear that Montrose was close at hand with an army of Highlanders! They were wading through drifts of snow, scaling precipices, climbing mountain-paths known to only a few solitary shepherds. There was no time for defence. Argyll hurriedly embarked in a fishing-boat and put out to sea, leaving Montrose in full possession of his castle and grounds.

10. Each fresh victory was increasing Montrose's influence; he was the Highland hero of the moment,

" So noble was his manly front,  
So calm his steadiest eye."

With the victories of Dundee and Kilsyth he was master

of Scotland for a time. But his triumph was short-lived. The King had sent an army from England to the borders to assist him against the Covenanters, and Montrose had advanced as far as Selkirk to meet them. The two armies were but six miles apart when the Covenanters attacked the English before Montrose had time to reach them, and entirely defeated them.

11. Events now crowded together. Montrose had to leave Scotland. In 1649 Charles I. was beheaded, and when the news reached Montrose abroad he exclaimed: "I vow before God and man to devote my life to avenge the royal martyr's death and to place his son on the throne." He landed once more in Scotland, but everything was against him. Obligated to disguise himself in Highland dress, he wandered hopelessly about, now swimming rivers, now begging a little milk or gathering wild berries for food. It is said he even ate his leather gloves. At last, starving and ragged, the once glorious commander of the royal troops was found by a Highland troop and led before the chief, a man who had once served under the royal banner. Montrose expected mercy, but no mercy was shown. Macleod of Assynt, the chief, sold him for "four hundred bolls" of meal to the Covenanters.

12. Mounted on a little Highland pony, he was taken from town to town. At the Watergate, in Edinburgh, he was met by a cart, into which he was tied, the hangman driving, dressed in gay livery. It was past dusk when they reached the gloomy Tolbooth. Calmly he listened to his cruel fate. He was to be hanged on a high gibbet in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh. After his body had hung three hours it was to be cut down,

the head put on an iron pole over the prison-house, one hand to be sent to Perth, one to Stirling, a foot to Aberdeen, and another to Glasgow.

"I only wish," cried the Marquis hopelessly, 'I had limbs enough to be sent to every city in Christendom as records of my loyalty to my King and love of my country.'

13. He was combing his long curled hair, which he wore as a cavalier, when a Covenanter rudely entered.

"Why is James Graham so careful of his locks?" he asked.

"I will arrange my head as I please to-day," was Montrose's answer; "to-morrow it will be yours, and you may deal with it as you please."

14. Dressed in a scarlet coat, trimmed with rich silver lace, with crimson silk stockings on his legs, and carrying a large beaver hat in his hand, the "great Marquis" was led forth to die. Aytoun, the Scottish poet, shall tell the story of Montrose's execution in his own words.

## 20. THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE

1. The morning dawned full darkly,  
     The rain came flashing down,  
     And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt  
     Lit up the gloomy town;  
     The thunder crashed along the heaven,  
     The fatal hour was come;  
     Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat,  
     The 'larum of the drum.

There was madness on the earth below,  
 And anger in the sky,  
 And young and old, and rich and poor  
 Came forth to see him die.

2. Oh, God ! That ghastly gibbet !  
 How dismal 'tis to see  
 The great tall spectral skeleton,  
 The ladder and the tree !  
 Hark, hark ! it is the crash of arms.  
 The bell begins to toll :  
 He is coming ! he is coming !  
 God's mercy on his soul !  
 One last long peal of thunder—  
 The clouds are cleared away,  
 And the glorious sun once more looks down  
 Amidst the dazzling day.

3. He is coming ! he is coming !  
 Like a bridegroom from his room  
 Came the hero from his prison  
 To the scaffold and the doom.  
 There was glory on his forehead,  
 There was lustre in his eye,  
 And he never walked to battle  
 More proudly than to die :  
 There was colour in his visage,  
 Though the cheeks of all were wan,  
 And they marvelled as they saw him pass,  
 That great and goodly man !

4. He mounted up the scaffold,  
 And he turned him to the crowd,

But they dared not trust the people,  
 So he might not speak aloud.  
 But he looked upon the heavens,  
 And they were clear and blue,  
 And in the liquid ether  
 The eye of God shone through ;  
 Yet a black and murky battlement  
 Lay resting on the hill  
 As though the thunder slept within—  
 \* All else was calm and still.

5. A beam of light fell o'er him,  
 Like a glory round the shriven,  
 And he climbed the lofty ladder  
 As it were the path to heaven.  
 There came a flash from out the cloud,  
 And a stunning thunder-roll,  
 And no man dared to look aloft  
 For fear was on every soul.  
 There was another heavy sound,  
 A hush, and then a groan ;  
 And darkness swept across the sky—  
 The work of death was done !

*Mytown.*

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21. **KILLIECRANKIE**

1689.

" So let each cavalier who loves honour and me,  
 Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."

*Scott.*

1. Forty years had hardly passed since the death of Montrose when the almost romantic death of Dundee took place. James Graham of Claverhouse, better

known as Viscount Dundee, was fighting for James II., who had fled from England and been succeeded by William Prince of Orange.

It was early in the morning of Saturday, July 27, when Dundee appeared at Blair Castle, the most important military post in Athol, to learn that Mackay, in command of King William's troops, was already in the ravine of Killiecrankie.

2. On the fate of Blair Castle depended the fate of Athol, on the fate of Athol probably depended the fate of Scotland. The old castle was a lofty building, commanding the valley of the Garry; about five miles to the south this valley narrows down into the great Glen of Killiecrankie. The only path up this glen was narrow and rugged; a horse could with difficulty be led up; two men could hardly walk side by side, for in some places the way ran close by a precipice.

3. Dundee had summoned the clans in haste for this expedition into Athol; fiery crosses had been sent through Appin and up Glenmore, but the whole number of broadswords was under three thousand. The enemy was making his way up the pass, the ascent was long and toilsome. Meanwhile, Dundee was holding a council of war.

"Fight, my lord!" cried Cameron of Lochiel. "Fight at once; fight if you have only one to three. Our men are in heat. If we do not fight, we had better break up and retire to our mountains."

Dundee's face brightened.

"You hear the opinion of one who understands Highland warfare better than any of us," he cried.

4. Mackay's troops had emerged from the pass and

reached the valley of the Garry. Dundee rode forward to survey the forces against which he was to fight. Then he drew up his men, each clan distinct. On the right were the Macleans, next stood the Macdonalds, on the left stood more Macdonalds, headed by the stately form of Glengarry, bearing the royal standard of King James II.; here were Dundee's old troopers, here stood Lochiel with his Camerons, and the men of Skye marshalled by Macdonald of Sleat.

5. Meanwhile the firing had begun, the space between the armies was one cloud of smoke, the clans were growing impatient. The sun, however, was low in the west before Dundee gave the order to prepare for action. His men raised a great shout. The enemy, probably exhausted by the toil of the day, returned a feeble and wavering cheer.

"We shall do it now," said Lochiel; "that is not the cry of men who are going to win."

He had walked through all his ranks, had addressed a few words to every Cameron, and had taken from every Cameron a promise to conquer or die.

6. "It was past seven o'clock. Dundee gave the word. The Highlanders dropped their plaids. It was long remembered that Lochiel took off what probably was the only pair of shoes in his clan, and charged barefoot at the head of his men. The whole line advanced firing. When only a small space was left between the armies, the Highlanders suddenly flung away their firelocks, drew their broadswords, and rushed forward with a fearful yell.

7. "The Lowlanders prepared to receive the shock; the soldiers were still fumbling with the muzzles of their



guns and the handles of their bayonets, when the whole flood of Macleans, Macdonalds and Camerons came down. In two minutes the battle was lost and won."

In vain did Mackay try to rally his men; the whole regiments were swept away by the furious onset of the Highlanders; "all was over, and the mingled torrent of red coats and tartans went raving down the valley to the gorge of Killiecrankie."

8. But Scotland had to pay heavily for the victory. "At the beginning of the action, Dundee had taken his place in front of his little band of cavalry. He bade them follow him and rode forward. His horse hesitated. Dundee turned round, stood up in his stirrups, and waving his hat, invited them to come on. As he lifted his arm, his cuirass rose and exposed the lower part of his left side. A musket ball struck him; his horse sprang forward and plunged into a cloud of smoke and dust, which hid from both armies the fall of the victorious general."

9. A soldier near him caught him up as he sank down from the saddle. "How goes the day?" asked Dundee. "Well for King James," was the answer; "but I am sorry for your lordship."

"If it is well for him," answered the dying man, "it matters the less for me."

He never spoke again. The body, wrapped in two plaids, was carried to the Castle of Blair.

10. The death of Dundee put an end to the hopes of the party for James, or the Jacobites as they were called. As the army of Montrose had melted away after his death, so Dundee's army, torn by internal disagreement, had disappeared in less than a month after the victory of

Killiecrankie. The Castle of Blair opened its gates to Mackay, and a chain of military posts extending north to Inverness protected the plains from any further attack from the Highland mountaineers.

11. Aytoun, the poet, writes of the death and burial of Dundee :

“ There we found him, gashed and gory,  
 Stretched upon the cumbered plain,  
 As he told us where to seek him,  
 In the thickest of the slain.  
 And a smile was on his visage,  
 For within his dying ear  
 Pealed the joyful note of triumph  
 And the clansmen's clamorous cheer ;  
 So, amidst the battle's thunder,  
 Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,  
 In the glory of his manhood  
 Passed the spirit of the Graeme !

12. “ Open wide the vaults of Athole,  
 Where the bones of heroes rest—  
 Open wide the hallowed portals  
 To receive another guest !  
 Last of Scots, and last of freemen—  
 Last of all that dauntless race  
 Who would rather die unsullied  
 Than outlive the land's disgrace !  
 O thou lion-hearted warrior !  
 Reck not of the after-time ;  
 Honour may be deemed dishonour,  
 Loyalty be called a crime.  
 Sleep in peace with kindred ashes •  
 Of the noble and the true,  
 Hands that never failed their country,  
 Hearts that never baseness knew.  
 Sleep !—and till the latest trumpet  
 Wakes the dead from earth and sea,  
 Scotland shall not boast a braver  
 Chieftain than our own Dundee !”

## 22. THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE

FEBRUARY 13, 1692.

"Oh, tell me, harper, wherefore flow  
The wayward notes of wail and woe,  
Far down the desert of Glencoe?"

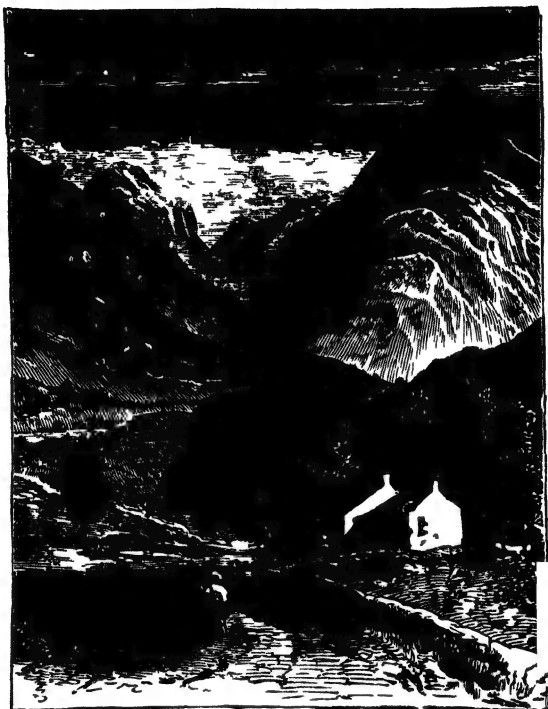
*Scott.*

1. King William's efforts to subdue the Highlands had not been successful at Killiecrankie; the mistake which brought about the massacre of Glencoe did not further matters. The very name Glencoe means "The Glen of Weeping," and it has truly been called the "Valley of the Shadow of Death." Mists and storms brood over it on the finest of summer days, and even when the weather is bright, and there is not a cloud in the sky, the landscape is sadness itself.

2. The path along the glen follows a stream which rises in the most gloomy of mountain pools; huge precipices of naked stone frown down on both sides. Even in July there is snow in the rifts near the summit. Mile after mile along that desolate track the traveller may look in vain for the smoke of one hut, he may strain his eyes for one human form wrapped in a plaid, may listen in vain for the bark of a shepherd's dog or the bleat of a lamb.

3. In old days this desolate part of the country belonged to the clan MacDonald; their soil was barren, they lived mostly by plunder, and, indeed, no better den existed in all Scotland than that made by the mountains to shelter the Macdonalds of Glencoe.

4. Now, in 1691, an oath of allegiance was required from all the Highland clans to William III., King of England and Scotland. For the most part the clans



GLENCOE.

took their oath, received pardon from the King, and returned to their homes. All who had not taken the oath by December 31 were to be treated as enemies and traitors.

5. December 31 arrived. Every Highland clan had

submitted except the clansmen of Glencoe. The head of the Macdonald clan was an old man, MacIan ; with the fierce pride of his race he had held out till the last day, when, growing alarmed for the safety of his people, he started off for Fort William to take the oath.

6. To his dismay he found no one there to receive his oath ; he must go on to Inverary. It suddenly dawned on the old man how foolish he had been to postpone taking the oath till the very last moments. In great distress he set off for Inverary, with a letter of protection from the Governor at Fort William. There were some eighty miles of the wildest mountain land to be crossed. It was the depth of winter, and the old chief could go but slowly up the steep mountain paths and along the boggy valleys. Snowstorms delayed him, too, and it was January 6 before he arrived at the sheriff's house at Inverary.

7. The sheriff hesitated about enrolling his name among the clans who had submitted within the given time. But old MacIan begged so earnestly, with tears in his eyes, that the sheriff gave in, and the Macdonald names were added to the list.

8. But he was too late. News had already reached the English court that the Macdonalds of Glencoe had not taken the oath, and an order for the destruction of that "set of robbers" had received the royal assent.

"The work must be secret and sudden," wrote the Master of Stair. It was lucky it was winter, he added, for the nights were long, the mountain-tops cold and stormy, and the hardiest could not escape.

9. "Secret and sudden" it was, too. Troops were chosen from the Campbells, deadly foes of the clansmen

of Glencoe. A Campbell, whose niece had married MacIan's son, was chosen to manage the proceedings, and on February 1 he appeared with a hundred and twenty men at the mouth of the pass.

10. The alarm that at first prevailed at the sight of the red-coats in the pass was soon set at rest by Campbell's assurances that they came as friends to quarter among the mountains of Glencoe for a time. And peacefully enough they stayed among the Macdonalds for some twelve days; they were well fed and entertained, and their evenings spent cheerfully over the peat fires.

11. "Five o'clock on the morning of February 13," this was the hour fixed for the bloody deed. Fresh troops were on the way, but the night was rough, and while the marching soldiers were contending with wind and snow, Campbell himself was playing cards with those whom he meant to slay before daybreak.

12. Campbell's soldiers were restless.

"I should be glad to fight the Macdonalds, but to kill men in their beds—I do not like the job," muttered one of them.

MacIan's eldest son John was restless, too, so restless that soon after midnight he got up and went to Campbell's quarters. All were astir.

"We are getting ready to march against some people who have been harrying the country," replied Campbell, in answer to his inquiries. "You are quite safe."

13. It was five o'clock. The morning was dark. No new troops had arrived, but Campbell's orders were precise, and the horrid work was begun. The Macdonalds were dragged from their beds, bound hand and foot, and murdered. In vain they pleaded for their lives.

14. The old chief MacIan was dressing, when he, too, was shot through the head. His sons escaped, but some thirty-eight of the clan lay dead that fatal February morning. Those who escaped only froze to death in the snow. Some crept into nooks among the precipices, some slept their last sleep in dark holes of the mountains. The deserted hamlets were set on fire, and the troops left the dreary pass of Glencoe driving before them the flocks and herds and Highland ponies that belonged to the Macdonald clan.

15. Aytoun, in his "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," has some very fine lines on this grievous massacre, though longing for vengeance has now passed away :

" Weep not, children of Macdonald !  
Weep not thou, his orphan heir—  
Not in shame, but stainless honour,  
Lies thy slaughtered father there.

" Weep not—but when years are over,  
And thine arm is strong and sure,  
And thy foot is swift and steady  
On the mountain and the muir,

" Let thy heart be hard as iron,  
And thy wrath as fierce as fire,  
Till the hour when vengeance cometh  
For the race that slew thy sire !

" Till in deep and dark Glenlyon,  
Rise a louder shriek of woe  
Than at midnight, from their eyrie,  
Scared the eagles of Glencoe."

### 23. CULLODEN MOOR.

1746.

' Culloden field this day will seal  
The fate o' Scotland's ain Prince Charlie."

1. It has been seen how unwilling the Highland clans were to take the oath of allegiance to William III. The massacre of Glencoe roused feelings of bitter hatred of the Government among the clans, and the accession of Queen Anne was greeted in Scotland with applause.

2. Still there was a strong party in Scotland who desired to see the ill-fated line of the House of Stuart on the throne, and during the reign of Queen Anne, this party of "Jacobites" as they were called, gained ground. The rising of 1715 was over, and when in 1745 the exile Charles Edward, grandson of James II., landed on his native soil in the Hebrides, the clans rallied to his standard at Glenfinnan. Charles soon found himself at the head of fifteen hundred men, including Camerons, Macdonalds, and some of the most powerful clans in the Highlands.

3. His force swelled as he marched to Perth, and he entered Edinburgh triumphantly to proclaim his father, called the Old Pretender, "James VIII.," King at the Town Cross. Two thousand English troops who marched against him under Sir John Cope were cut to pieces by a single charge of the furious clansmen at Prestonpans in ten minutes; victory doubled the forces of the "Young Pretender," as he was afterwards called, and he was soon at the head of six thousand men. His army was composed entirely of Highlanders; the people of the Low-



lands still held aloof from his standard, and the professed Jacobites in the north of England, through which he marched, stuck to the House of Hanover and refused to join.

4. It was out of the question to conquer England with six thousand Highlanders, and Charles was obliged to retreat to Glasgow. His cause had not been advanced during his absence in England; Edinburgh had deserted him and relapsed into the hands of the Government, while in other parts of the kingdom troops were preparing to act against him. Great was the surprise, therefore, when Charles attacked and defeated the royal forces at Falkirk. Again the wild charge of his Highlanders had won victory for the Prince; but it was the last victory of the Stuarts in Scotland.

5. When the armies met at Culloden Moor the following spring, disaster was in the very air. There was something of ill omen even in the way Charles had arranged his army. The Macdonalds, as the largest and most powerful of the Highland clans, had claimed from the beginning of the expedition the privilege of being posted on the right of the whole army. They had held this place of honour at Prestonpans, they had led the right on Falkirk; now they were placed on the left, and with sullen gloom they took their places in this position for the first time since their proud ancestors had fought at Bannockburn.

6. A large, well disciplined, well fed army was drawn up at Nairn, some sixteen miles from Culloden, under the Duke of Cumberland. It was rather a contrast to the Highland troops under the Prince; the day before the battle each soldier had received a biscuit only, though



PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.  
*(From an original picture by Vandervelt.)*

there was meal at Inverness. Stragglers sauntered in all day to join the main army, and at the council of war held by Charles that day there were several opinions as to the best course to adopt.

7. The Prince's opinion won in the end. He was desperate, and like a man driven to desperation he would

risk all. A night march was planned to surprise the English troops. Between seven and eight in the evening of April 15 the heath was set on fire, that the light might convey the idea of the troops camping for the night, and the Highlanders set forth in profound silence, the watchword for all being "King<sup>1</sup> James VIII." The night was very dark and the progress of the column very slow; at two o'clock in the morning they were yet four miles from the English camp. The distant roll of drums from the enemy told them the English army<sup>1</sup> was not asleep and that there was no hope of taking it by surprise.

8. "They are awake," said one of the Highland leaders, as the sound fell on their ears.

9. "I never expected to find them otherwise," said another, "but we may yet find them unprepared."

10. But this was too much to risk. A retreat was ordered, and before five o'clock next morning the Scottish army had regained the heights of Culloden. But in what a plight! Tired, footsore, weary, having passed the long night in marching, with no food!

11. A great many of the men went off to Inverness, insisting on getting food, and officers, utterly worn out, laid down to snatch a few hours' sleep, when a sudden alarm told them that the English were within two miles. Hurry and confusion reigned in the Scottish camp; half dead with fatigue, the officers mounted their horses, ordered the drums to beat and the pipes to play their gathering airs.

12. It is impossible to look on this piece of ground now, with the few green patches still marking the graves where the slain were covered up in heaps, without feeling

how utterly helpless a Highland army must have been in such a place, just a stretch of wide, flat moor where the mountaineers had nothing to aid their peculiar mode of warfare in the shape of high or rugged ground. For steady, disciplined troops such as Cumberland's the field was perfect.

13. Losing all sense of fatigue at sight of the enemy, the clansmen flung themselves in their old fashion on the English front. The Duke of Cumberland had prepared his troops for this headlong rush of the Highlanders, and the brave mountaineers were received with a terrible fire of musketry. The few who broke through the first line found themselves confronted by a second.

14. All that courage, all that despair could do was done. The howl of the advance, the scream of the onset, the thunder of the musketry, the din of trumpet and drum, the flash of firearms, and the glitter of broadswords; it was one mighty scene of confusion ~~from~~ beginning to end. And the end soon came. The battle was over as rapidly as all other Highland conflicts: but this time the Stuart force ~~was~~ fleeing from the field, away into the Highlands, away towards Inverness, away from the field of Culloden, where they had been signally defeated, never to be banded together in the Stuart cause again.

15. And what of the Prince himself? He, too, fled, along the southern bank of Loch Ness, thence to the Western Highlands and away to the isles of the west, to hide among his most faithful islanders for many a dreary month to come.

## 24. PRINCE CHARLIE'S WANDERINGS.

1746.

" Our Highland hearts are true an' leal,  
An' glow without a strain ;  
Our Highland swords are metal keen,  
An' Charlie he's our ain."

*Hogg.*

1. Culloden was over, Prince Charlie a hopeless fugitive. Even the wilds of Ross-shire were not safe hiding, and he embarked in an open boat for the Hebrides, attended by a faithful few. A violent storm arose, rain poured in torrents, and vivid lightning showed the blackness of the raging waters, while thunder crashed over their heads. When day broke they found themselves on the coast of Benbecula, and here for a time the Prince found safety in a deserted hut.

2. Meanwhile his pursuers were not idle, with a reward of £30,000 before them should they find him. They were already searching the outer Hebrides for him ; so the "bonnie Prince" and his little party sailed for Stornoway, hoping to get a ship for France. But a violent gale compelled them to put in to the little island of Scalpa. Here they took the name of Sinclair, and pretended they were merchants from Orkney. When they reached Stornoway at last, it was a wild, wet night ; they were drenched to the skin, and had tasted no food for eighteen hours.

3. They were fortunately met by a trusty friend, who found them shelter and a cow, which they slaughtered, the Prince himself mixing his oatmeal with the brains of the cow, and making cakes, which he baked before

an open fire. For some time the little band sailed about among the creeks and islets of the outer Hebrides, now being chased by a man-of-war, now being driven into desolate rocks by the fury of the sea, eating oatmeal mixed with salt water, with an occasional crab to give it a taste.

4. But every creek and ferry along these wild shores was being watched by English soldiers; sloops-of-war and frigates coasted around the desolate islands. Thirty-thousand pounds for the man who found Prince Charlie! It was no mean sum. And yet the poor islanders of the Hebrides would not betray their Prince. He was their "ane Charlie," their future king, their very idol.

"I'd go with thee late, I'd march with thee early,  
O'er crags, woods and mountains, thou bonnie Prince Charlie,  
Where the claymores were flashing to welcome thee rarely,  
And the big heart of Scotland was beating for Charlie."

5. The enthusiasm was extended to women and children; and it was at this crisis of affairs that the Prince fell into the hands of Flora Macdonald, one of the loyal Macdonald clan living on the islands. It was she who planned his escape to Skye, disguised as her tall Irish maid Betty Burke, though she suffered imprisonment later for helping him. Dressed in a flowered print gown and quilted petticoat, white apron, cloak and hood, the Prince accompanied his protector Flora Macdonald to the sea-shore, where a boat lay.

6. Even while they waited, four boats of armed men sailed close by them, but they lay hidden among the rocks till, under cover of darkness, they set sail. It was a stormy night, but the light-hearted Prince cheered the crew with songs and stories, and when morning broke they were off the coast of Skye.

"Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,  
Onward, the sailors cry.  
Carry the lad that's born to be king  
Over the sea to Skye."

7. More dangers awaited Flora Macdonald and her maid Betty Burke. The Prince was tall. "Dear me," cried one, "what lang strides the jade takes, and how awkwardly she manages her petticoats!" It was important he should now adopt another dress. So he put on a Highland tartan to avert suspicion. Daily he had to change his abode; now sleeping amid the heather, now drenched by the pitiless rain, drinking his water out of an oyster-shell, eating his oatmeal as best he might.

8. The islands became so dangerous, from forces of armed men which poured into them, that at last the Prince was rowed across to the mainland and put ashore on Loch Nevis. Here he was very nearly taken, for ~~men~~ were stationed all over this district, being the country of the Camerons, who were known to be devoted Jacobites. For two days he could neither light a fire nor cook his food; and at length barely escaped with his life by creeping down a dark and narrow gorge which divided the posts of two watchmen.

9. His clothes were now in tatters; he wore a bonnet on his head, a wretched yellow wig, and a clouted handkerchief about his neck. He had a coat of coarse dark coloured cloth and a Stirling tartan waistcoat: his Highland brogues were tied with thongs, so much worn that they would scarcely stick upon his feet. He had but one shirt, and that was of saffron colour.

10. For three weeks he lived in a robbers' cave with robbers. "Stay with us," they begged him. "The



MISS FLORA MACDONALD .  
(From a painting by Hudson)

mountains of gold which the Government has set on your head may induce *some* to betray you To us exists no such temptation. We can speak no language but our own—we can live nowhere but in this country, but were we to injure a hair of your head the very mountains would fall down and crush us.”



11. These are but a few of the adventures that befell the "bonnie Prince" before he finally made his escape to France. Such a series of thrilling escapes, flights and concealments, has rarely been recorded before in history or romance; but the point reflecting most honour on his devoted countrymen is the fact that not one, old or young, rich or poor, would betray him, even for the fortune of £30,000!

12. The reason is not far to seek. He was one of their own blood, he loved his country, he loved his countrymen—

"And the big heart of Scotland was beating for Charlie.

## 25. SKYE BOAT SONG.\*

[This song was supposed to be sung after Culloden, when Prince Charlie was escaping to the island of Skye, where he was hidden by Flora Macdonald.]

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,  
Onward, the sailors cry,  
Carry the lad that's born to be king  
Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,  
Thunder clouds rend the air;  
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,  
Follow, they will not dare.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,  
Ocean's a royal bed;  
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep  
Watch by your weary head.

\* By permission, from "Songs of the North" (Cramer, London).

Many's the lad fought on that day  
 Well the claymore could wield,  
 When the night came silently lay  
 Dead on Culloden's field.

Burned are our homes: exile and death  
 Scatter the loyal men;  
 Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath,  
 Charlie will come again.

Speed, bonnie boat, etc.

*H. E. Boulton.*

## 28. STORY OF THE HIGHLAND CLANS.

"The old Highland days,  
 When the worth of the chief and the strength of the clan  
 Brought glory and gain to the brave Highlandman."

*J. Campbell.*

1. With the defeat of the Highlanders at Culloden the old system of clans came to an end. Let us take a glance back into the past, and see what this meant. From olden times, when the Romans drove the Caledonians back into the pathless wilds of the Highlands, this system of clans, or division into tribes, had existed.

2. Each clan had its own chief, and some of these chiefs were as powerful as little kings, with their own devoted and loyal subjects around them. The chief lived in his castle in the midst of his clan; all disputes were settled by him, his men followed his standard in war, attended him hunting, and supplied his table with the produce of their farms.

3. To him they looked for advice on all subjects, to him they gave their most faithful service, and, if need

be, for him they were ready to lay down their lives. Story after story might be told of the fidelity of these clansmen to their chief.

4. There were the seven brothers of one clan who sacrificed their lives in the heat of a conflict to save their chief. There was the servant of one chief who would rather be executed than betray his master, the chief of Glenlyon. When pressed to tell where his chief was, he answered proudly: "Do you take me for a villain? If I forgot my master and my trust, Glenlyon would be no home for me." And, steady to his trust, he was executed. There were the faithful servants of the Macpherson chief, who kept him hidden nine years in a cave, when a thousand pounds was offered to anyone who should disclose his hiding-place. Over a hundred of them knew, but not one was found to speak!

5. The clans had their own dress. "They be clothed ~~with~~ one mantle and with one shirt," said an old writer, "going bare-legged to the knee." But it was a little more than this. Each wore a plaid or mantle of a striped stuff, called tartan, the end of which, wrapped round the waist, formed a sort of short petticoat which reached the knee, while the rest was wrapped round as a cloak. Some wore bonnets, others only tied their shaggy hair back with a leathern strap. The dress was well suited for the wild lives these Highlanders lived; in it they hunted and fought, waded through torrents, climbed their mountains; in it they slept often in the open air.

6. Stockings were added later, the plaid was adjusted with a large brooch on one shoulder, a purse of goat's skin was worn in front, and the bonnet was more worn. In dyeing and arranging the various tartans great care

was taken, and distinctive colour, were worn by the various clans. Thus the Macdonalds of the Isles wore a green tartan, chequered with black, purple, red, and white; the Macgregors, red, chequered with green and white; the Macphersons, black and white, with small lines of red and yellow.

7. Each clan had its badge, worn in the bonnet; thus the badge of the Macdonalds was bell-heather, that of the Camerons oak, the Campbells myrtle, the Stuarts thistle.

Each clan had its own war-cry or slogan; thus the war-cry of the Campbells was "Cruachan," that of the Camerons "It's a far cry to Lochiel," and so forth.

8. Again, each clan had its own special bard or poet and its own piper. Each had its own appointed place to meet at the call of the chief. When the men were wanted suddenly a sign called the Fiery Cross was sent through the country of the clan. This signal was made of two pieces of wood placed in the form of a cross. One of the ends of the cross-piece was set on fire, and then extinguished in blood.

9. Two men, each with a cross in his hand, were sent off by the chief at the first alarm; they kept running with great speed, shouting the war-cry of the clan. In this way the fiery cross was passed from hand to hand; each bearer running at full speed, till in a short time the clan was assembled under its chief ready for his word of command.

10 When any very special business had to be discussed, the chiefs met at Inverlochy, the capital of the Highlands. Sir Walter Scott tells of a special meeting of chiefs called in Perthshire, when Montrose stood

amongst them wrapped in his shepherd's plaid, till he knew the feeling of the clans was in his favour, and he could throw off his disguise and wave the King's commission.

11. Sudden feuds often arose between the clans. Sometimes one clan came to carry off the flocks and herds of another clan, and revenge must be taken at once. Sometimes one chief had been spoken ill of by a hated clan, and that insult must not pass unnoticed. And such was the hatred often between clan and clan that many a cruel trick was practised and revenge was taken under guise of friendship.

12. A not uncommon example of this treachery may be seen in the story of the chieftain of Mackintosh, the entrance to whose state chamber was across a hidden trap-door over the lake Lochy, which was left unfastened when an unwelcome visitor appeared. One day he invited his rival chief and neighbour, Cameron of Lochiel, to take pot-luck with him. At the appointed hour Lochiel arrived, fortunately accompanied by his dog. The animal rushed on before his master; over the trap-door he bounded, and down he dropped into a deep abyss of the lake. Lochiel saw the yawning chasm at his feet and guessed the plot. Filled with anger, he leaped across the gulf, and with a single stroke of his broadsword he laid the old chieftain of Mackintosh dead at his feet.

13. The stories of the clans are numerous, but it would take too long to tell of the feud between the clan Chattan, under Mackintosh, and the Camerons, who were killed almost to a man; of the great insurrection of Donald of the Isles; of the chief who was so cruel and violent that he was called the Wolf of Badenoch; of how the High-



THE FIFRY CROSS

land clans and the Islesmen fought the Lowlanders and were beaten at the village of Hailand, the chiefs Maclean and Mackintosh lying dead upon the field

14 They were a brave and fearless race, if they were unruly and lawless and though after the Union this system of clanship died out, yet the descendants of the old clans are proud of their manly ancestors, and proud of the tartans and slogans, and mottoes and badges, that have come down to them, speaking of the history of the past and Scotland's mountain warriors

15. A great gathering of the clans still takes place once a year, when the pipers play the old airs belonging to each clan, when the plaids and tartans and Highland sports remind us of days gone by

## 27. THE BALLADS OF SCOTLAND.

" I'll sing you a song, if you'll hear me like men,  
Of the land of the mountain, the rock and the glen,  
And the heroes who bled for the old Scottish cause."

*J. S. Blackie.*

1. It is curious how the very life of the Scottish people has been woven into their ballads and songs. From very early times bards or poets were set apart by each clan, to sing of any event that might take place. The subject of these poems, all of course in Gaelic, was usually the chief of the clan, and we get faithful pictures of old Scottish life and customs, of amusements, exploits, dress and weapons. And through all breathes the spirit of hero-worship, which has always so strongly marked the feelings of the Gael to his chief.

2. One of the earliest bards known to history is Ossian, a son of Fingal, one of the princes of Morven. He lived to a great age and latterly became quite blind; but he loved to sing the glories of his father Fingal, though life became oppressive through old age. "Blue was his eye," he sang, "his hair like gold, generous, just, despised a lie, the winner of three hundred battles, every man's friend." But sadly he adds :

"The last of the Finn, the noble race  
Ossian, the son of Finn am I,  
Standing beneath the cold gray sky."

3. Another bard, Finlay MacNab, the red-haired, sang to the praises of his master, a MacGregor who died in 1519 :

" His courage in his breast  
Is one long breath of daring  
Brave, but when mercy calls  
Not deaf to gentle sparing.

MacGregor of the Blows  
 They call my prince most rightly,  
 For when his arm comes down,  
 Forsooth it comes not lightly."

4. Again, it was the duty of these poets to incite their clan to battle. Here are some lines written before Flodden.

"Plunge them in the swelling rivers,  
 With their gear and with their goods;  
 Spare, while breath remains, no Saxon,  
 Drown them in the roaring floods!"

5. After this early Gaelic period rose a group of singers who sang of the beauty of their country, of the "grand land of rough mountains," of "purling brooks" and "falling waves." A touch of sadness runs through them.

"Like a pilotless boat on a lonely shore,  
 I drift without rudder or sail or oar."

6. But the poetry that burst forth in the times of the Stuarts, the halo of song that surrounded Prince Charlie from north and south, from east and west, includes some of the finest pieces of Scottish verse. Here was the same hero-worship that ran through the poetry of old, but it seemed to come from the very heart of the country. "Charlie is my darling," they sang. "Wha wadna die for Charlie?"

"Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!  
 Rouse, ye heroes of the north!  
 Rouse and join your chieftains' banners,  
 'Tis your prince that leads you forth."

7. These songs of hope and devotion were followed by a series of others full of despair, for their hero had failed and had left his native land for ever.

"Will ye no come back again?" they cried. "Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"



Their eyes were "dimmed with the tears that were flowing for Charlie"; they had given him of their best, and their hearts were "sore bleeding."

"Woe's me! woe that I must drag  
Days and nights in groans and moaning  
Weary, weary, wakeful nights,  
With no hope for thy returning."

8. Among more modern poets are Burns and Hogg, who have each a chapter to themselves. A great many collections of Scottish ballads have been made from time to time. Aytoun's ballads are well known, and have been frequently quoted in this book; Scott's "Border Minstrelsy," too, is famous for its ballads of the past.

9 When it is said that there are over six thousand books of Scottish verse in the library at Glasgow, it will be seen how impossible it is to give any idea of the different sorts of poetry extant, or to attempt to name the many poets who have lived and sung of Scotland.

## 28. THE GAEL TO HIS COUNTRY AND HIS COUNTRYMEN.

1. My heart's in the Highlands, I love every glen,  
Every corrie and crag in the land of the Ben,  
Each brave-kilted laddie, stout-hearted and true,  
With rich curly locks 'neath his bonnet of blue.
2. A brave Highland boy, when light-footed he goes,  
With plaid, and with kilt, dirk, sporan, and hose;  
Oh, who will compare with my Highlander then,  
When he comes fresh and fair like a breeze from  
the Ben?

3. When foemen were banded to spoil and annoy,  
Who then fronted death like my brave Highland  
boy?  
For his cause and his country in battle's rude shock,  
When kingdoms were reeling, he stood like a rock.
4. And the dear Highland lasses, bad luck to the day  
When I look in their faces and wish them away ;  
I'll cross the wide seas to the far coral isles  
With Mary to lighten the road with her smiles.
5. And the songs of the Gael on their pinions of fire,  
How oft have they lifted my heart from the mire ;  
On the lap of my mother I lisped them to God ;  
Let them float round my grave when I sleep 'neath  
the sod.
6. And dear to my heart are the chivalrous ways,  
And the kindly regards of the old Highland days,  
When the work of the chief and the strength of the  
clan  
Brought glory and gain to the brave Highland man.
7. But now with mere sheep, they have peopled the  
brae,  
And flung the brave clansmen like rubbish away ;  
But should foes we have vanquished the struggle  
renew,  
They'll sigh for the boys with the bonnets of blue !
8. At Alma's red steep, and at red Waterloo,  
The Gael still was first where hot work was to do !  
And when Ganges and Jumna revolted, who then  
Were more loyal and true than the sons of the Ben ?

## 118 THE GAEL TO HIS COUNTRY AND COUNTRYMEN.

9. Where the East and the West by broad billows are  
bounded,  
The Gael shall be known, and his fame shall be  
sounded ;  
While thrones shall have honoꝛ and right shall  
prevail,  
Long ages shall echo the praise of the Gael.
10. And when need comes again for the law of the  
sword,  
Though few now the clansmen that follow their  
lord,  
The brave kilted boys for defence will be nigh,  
And shoulder to shoulder will conquer or die !

*John Campbell, of Ledaig.*

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## 29. SCOTTISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

“Oh for a cheery, heartsome game  
To send through a’ the soul a flame !”

1. National are the ballads of Scotland, national too  
are the sports of Scotland. Take “Scotland’s ain game  
o’ curlin’.” “It is the sport,” says Christopher North,  
“that stirs the heart of auld Scotland till you can hear  
it beating in its bosom.” The game is of ancient origin,  
though how old is not exactly known.

“To curl on the ice does greatly please,  
Being a manly Scottish exercise,  
It clears the brain, stirs up the native heat;  
And gives a gallant appetite for meat.”

So sings an old author in 1715. Burns considered it

the highest praise he could give a friend to describe him as a good curler :

“ He was the king o’ all the core,  
To guard, or draw, or wick, or bore,  
Or up the rink like Jehu roar  
In tune o’ need.”

2. Sir Walter Scott and Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, both mention it. How universal is this game may be seen when it is said there exist four hundred and eighty-one curling clubs in Scotland as against thirty-three in England and three in Ireland. The Royal Caledonian Curling Club is the largest in Great Britain.

3. Golf is another national game, though it has become popular now in other parts of Great Britain.

“ All the great mass of golfing tradition clusters lovingly within sight of the old University town of St. Andrews, and to most people the very name St. Andrews calls to mind, not a saint or a city, not a castle or a university, but a beautiful stretch of green links with a little burn which trap golf balls, and bunkers artfully planted to try the golfer’s soul.” This is the excellence of the St. Andrews links, the artful planting of the bunkers.

4. Nearly every town, large or small, has its golf-links. There are the little links of North Berwick; north are the links of Montrose; north again Aberdeen and Dornoch; up even into the Orkney Isles the game has won its way. Upon the Mull of Kintyre there are golf-links, and descending upon the Ayrshire coast the Prestwick links are of widely-known fame. Indeed, St. Andrews, Musselburgh, and Prestwick take it in turns to have the championship matches every year.



GOLF—IN POSITION FOR "PUTTING."

5. Both Charles I. and James II. used to play golf. It was in 1641, when playing golf on the links of Leith, that Charles received news of the outbreak of the Irish rebellion. The club dropped from his hand, and calling his coach, he drove back to the city, and was soon on his way to the south.

6. The old Celtic tribes were mighty hunters. When the north of Scotland was forest land, they used to hunt the brown bears that abounded there; then wild boars were hunted, and "white bulls, with crisp and curling



GOLF—FULL DRIVE WITH THE IRON.

manes like white lions." Robert Bruce was nearly killed one day while hunting a wild bull in the forest.

"My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer" says one of the oldest Scottish songs, and indeed deer-stalking is one of the favourite sports of to-day. It requires great skill on the part of the hunter to creep

When this letter was read, the anger of the House was great ; it disclosed at once a danger and a miscalculation. On learning that Monk was executing their orders, the leaders had flattered themselves that their victory was complete, that they had conquered at once both Monk and the City : " George is now our own, body and soul," Haslerig had exclaimed. On the morning of the same day, a popular manifestation, emanating from the City, had still further increased their confidence ; a numerous body of Republican Sectaries, headed by the famous Barebone, on whom the Parliament had lately bestowed a lucrative appointment, had come to present a petition, full of the warmest expressions of attachment to the Commonwealth, and demanding that no one, great or small, should be admitted to hold any civil or military office unless he expressly abjured Charles Stuart and his race, and every other pretender to the Crown, as well as any House of Peers, or other power co-ordinate with that of the representatives of the people. The House had solemnly thanked the petitioners for their address, and for the good affections which it expressed. A few hours later, Monk's letter arrived, to solicit a concession in favour of the opposite party. The House refused to make any such concession ; a vote was passed that its first orders should be fully executed, that the portcullises and gates of the City should be destroyed as well as the posts and chains ; and two members, Scott and Pury, were

vol. xxii. pp. 92, 93 ; Whitelocke's *Memorials*, p. 695 ; Price's *Memoirs*, pp. 102, 103 ; Ludlow's *Memoirs*, pp. 348, 349 ; Gumble's *Life of Monk*, pp. 236-242 ; Skinner's *Life of Monk*, pp. 213-218 ; Baker's *Chronicle*, p. 746 ; Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, vol. vii. pp. 405, 406 ; Clarendon's *State Papers*, vol. iii. pp. 674, 691-693.

### 30. SCOTLAND'S SOLDIERS.

" For we have hearts and we have arms  
As strong to will and dare  
As when our ancient banners flew  
Within the northern air."

*Aytoun.*

1. We have seen how Scotland is governed in times of peace, and have glanced at the system by which law is preserved and order kept. It will now be interesting to see how Scotland has formed its regiments, and how Scottish soldiers go forth to battle in times of war.

2. The Highlander was a born soldier. As a boy he gained hardiness and vigour that enabled him to endure privations ; the simplicity of his life gave strength to his body. From childhood he was taught that courage was virtue, that cowardice was disgrace ; to obey his chief and devote himself to his clan and his country was his highest duty.

3. Highlanders had been armed for some time, but it was not until 1730 that they were formed into regular companies receiving pay. The first corps to be raised was the 42nd Highland Regiment, or the Black Watch, as they were called from the dusky colour of their tartans as opposed to the bright scarlet of the royal troops.

4. Of course they wore the Highland dress, their tartans being black, green and blue. Ten years later the men were all collected in a field between Taybridge and Aberfeldy, and embodied in one regiment.

5. They now left off their old Highland dress ; their uniform was a scarlet jacket and waistcoat, a tartan plaid twelve yards long, pleated round the middle of their body. The upper part of the plaid was fixed on



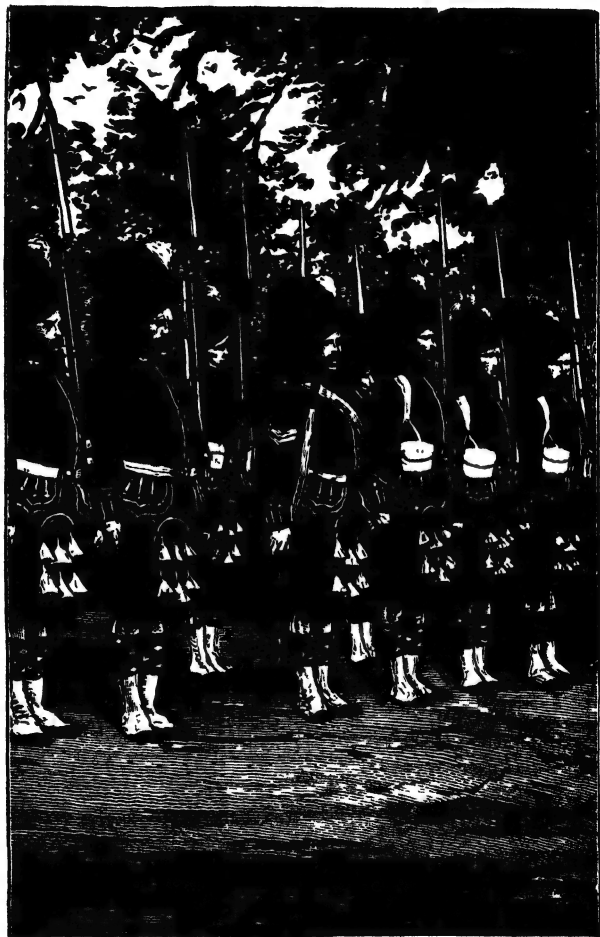
the left shoulder ready to be wrapt round in rainy weather, or at night to serve as a blanket. These plaids were kept tight to the body by a belt on which were worn pistols and dirk. In barracks they wore blue bonnets with a border of white, red and green, and a tuft of feathers.

6. There is a most amusing story about the first visit of this regiment to England. King George II. had never seen the Highland regiment, and hearing what a fine, tall set of men composed it, he sent for them to come to London to be reviewed. During the march from Perth through England they excited great interest. Such dress had not been seen before, the Gaelic tongue had never been heard. Immense crowds flocked to see the review, and no little surprise was expressed at the smartness and order of these Highland men. But no King appeared. He had been called away, and instead of receiving royal attention, the regiment was laughed at by an English rabble.

7. The men suspected mischief; it was rumoured that they were going to be shipped to the colonies for life. They believed the rumour; they could not bear the idea, and secretly they planned to run back to Scotland.

One morning the greater part of the regiment had mysteriously disappeared, and so cleverly had they managed their secret march that they were not found till they had reached Northampton. Punishment followed, and a large number were sent to Flanders, where they first began to distinguish themselves.

8. It is impossible to follow them through the Peninsular War, but the account of their return to Edinburgh after the battle of Waterloo is delightful, as



THE BLACK WATCH.

told by James Nasmyth, who saw them when he was eight years old.

9. "The old Black Watch," he says, "is a regiment dear to every Scottish heart, for it has fought and struggled when resistance was almost certain death. At the first grand charge of the French at Waterloo many were killed. Then the charge of the Greys took place and the Highland regiment rushed forward with cries of 'Scotland for ever!' Only a remnant of the 42nd survived."

10. In the beginning of 1816 they returned to Scotland. "When the first division approached Edinburgh, almost the entire population turned out to welcome them. At Musselburgh, six miles off, the road was thronged with people. The High Street of Edinburgh was wedged with people, excited and anxious. There seemed scarcely room for a regiment to march through them. The house-tops and windows were crowded with spectators. It was a grand sight. The high-gabled houses reaching as far as the eye could see, the Tron Kirk in the distance and the picturesque details of the buildings, all added to the effectiveness of the scene.

11. "We had waited very long; but at last the distant sound of the cheers came on and on, louder and louder. At length the head of the gallant band appeared. The redcoats gradually wedged their way through the crowd, amidst the ringing of bells and the cheers of the spectators.

12. "As the red line passed our balcony, we saw a sight that can never be forgotten. The red-and-white plumes, the tattered colours riddled with bullets, the glittering

bayonets, were seen amidst the crowd that thronged round the gallant heroes, amidst tears and cheers and hand-shakings and shouts of excitement. The mass of men appeared like a solid body moving slowly along; the soldiers being almost hidden amongst the crowd. At last they passed, the pipers and drums playing a Highland march, and the 42nd slowly entered the Castle. It was perhaps the most extraordinary scene ever witnessed in Edinburgh."

13. A large number of Scottish soldiers have taken part in foreign wars. While the great Thirty Years' War raged on the Continent, a large national brigade of Scots was engaged in the service of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden. The story of how the Scots while serving in the French army took an island in the Rhine from the Germans has been made famous by Aytoun's grand ballad "The Island of the Scots."

14. It tells how the wild and swollen Rhine was flowing "deep and red"; how on the further side stretched the German line of soldiers; and how to gain the island between meant victory, to lose it meant defeat.

Few were the Scots that day, but those few were brave,

"The relics of the bravest force  
That ever fought in fray."

15. They had all marched with the great Dundee, and at his death they had left Scotland and gone forth to foreign lands "like bent and broken men." Now was their chance. Grasping one another's hands, they plunged into the angry flood.

"Thick flew the smoke across the stream  
And faster flashed the flame;  
The water plashed in hissing jets  
As ball and bullet came.

Yet onwards pushed the Cavaliers,  
All stern and undismayed,  
With thousand armed foes before  
And none behind to aid "

16. On they swept like a "long and living wall," the word "Claverhouse" on their lips, their hearts thrilling with the mighty thoughts of old, till the island was reached, the Germans forced back, and the little fearless band of Scots stood victorious on the hard-won island.

17. But there is no need to look back into the past for stories of the Scottish soldiers. There are men who would face that passage of the Rhine to-day as they did in the days of old :

" For we have hearts and we have arms,  
As strong to will and dare  
As when our ancient banners flew  
Within the northern air "

18. Look at the part the Scottish soldiers played in the Race for Chitral in 1895. "It was a fine and stirring sight to see the splendid dash with which the Scottish regiments took the hill," says a recent account of the expedition.

So any boy who enlists in any of the Scottish regiments stationed in the large towns must ever remember the traditions that have to be kept up.

**31. THE LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON.**

1815.

1. At Quatre Bras, when the fight ran high,  
Stout Cameron stood with wakeful eye,  
Eager to leap as a mettlesome hound  
Into the fray with a plunge and a bound.  
But Wellington, lord of the cool command,  
Held the reins with a steady hand,  
Saying, "Cameron, wait, you'll soon have enough,  
Giving the Frenchmen a taste of your stuff,  
When the Cameron men are wanted."
2. Now hotter and hotter the battle grew,  
With tramp and rattle and wild halloo,  
And the Frenchmen poured, like a fiery flood,  
Right on the ditch where Cameron stood.  
Then Wellington flashed from his steadfast stance  
On his captain brave a lightning glance,  
Saying, "Cameron, now have at them, boy,  
Take care of the road to Charleroi,  
Where the Cameron men are wanted!"
3. Brave Cameron shot like a shaft from a bow  
Into the midst of the plunging foe,  
And with him the lads whom he loved, like a torrent  
Sweeping the rocks in its foamy current;  
And he fell the first in the fever'd fray,  
Where a dreadful shot had shorn its way.  
But his men pushed on where the work was rough,  
Giving the Frenchmen a taste of their stuff,  
Where the Cameron men were wanted.

# THE LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON.

4. Brave Cameron then, from the battle's roar,  
His foster-brother stoutly bore—  
His foster-brother, with service true,  
Back to the village of Waterloo ;  
And they laid him on the soft, green sod,  
And he breathed his spirit there to God ;  
But not till he heard the loud hurrah  
Of victory billowed from Quatre Bras,  
Where the Cameron men were wanted.
5. By the road to Ghent they buried him then,  
This noble chief of the Cameron men,  
And not an eye was tearless seen  
That day beside the alley green.  
Wellington wept, the iron man,  
And from every eye in the Cameron clan  
The big, round drop in bitterness fell  
As with the pipes he loved so well  
His funeral wail they chanted.
6. And now he sleeps (for they bore him home,  
When the war was done, across the foam)  
Beneath the shadow of Nevis Ben,  
With his sires, the pride of the Cameron men.  
Three thousand Highlanders stood around  
As they laid him to rest in his native ground—  
The Cameron brave, whose eye never quailed,  
Whose heart never sank, and whose hand never failed  
Where a Cameron man was wanted.

*J. S. Blunkie.*



MONUMENT TO GORDON HIGHLANDERS AT ABERDEEN.



### 32. THE RAILWAYS OF SCOTLAND.

"Up to the North by the Highland Railway,  
And down to the South by the Great Mid-Glen."

*H. Morford.*

1. If you had a map of Scotland marked with a red line wherever a railway ran, you would see there was a perfect network of red lines just running across the lower middle of the country, between the Firth of Forth and the Firth of Clyde, that only one red line ran right up Scotland to Caithness, and that very few ran in the South excepting about Berwick.

2. Now, the reason of this is simple. The railways of Scotland depend on the nature of the country and the high mountains; the numerous inland lakes and arms of the sea prevent free communication all over the Highlands. Even in the red lines of the Lowlands it may be observed how seldom they are straight; here they have to go round a range of mountains, there they have to curl right round an inland lake, or make a circuit to reach some river valley.

3. The engineering of these railway lines is very cleverly managed, and trains run over narrow passes high up among the hills; they coast along on the top of high cliffs overhanging the sea; they cross deep ravines, and narrow gorges, and rapidly-flowing rivers; they wander among heathery moors, and tunnel under lofty peaks. But the trains reach their destinations, and carry the ever-increasing traffic from one large place to another, and from inland to the seaport towns.

4. In old days the lines were laid to carry goods and merchandise only, and no passengers were taken; but in 1834 there was a curious notice with regard to the train

which brought coal into Glasgow. Apparently as a favour, passengers were carried. "Everything moved on with the greatest regularity; there was not the least delay, nor did any accident take place, and not so much as one waggon went off the line. We had about 1,250 passengers out, and the whole of that number returned." Much to the surprise of the managers, it would seem!

5. But perhaps the achievements of the Highland Railway Company are among some of the most wonderful in Scotland. Let us take the train at Berwick, travel by the North British Railway Company to Perth, and then take the Highland line right up to within twenty miles of John o' Groat's House. At Berwick we find passengers in the train who left London the evening before and mean to have breakfast at Perth, and one of them tells us he is going to sleep at Stornoway that very evening.

6. The first part of our journey is along by the coast of the North Sea by Dunbar; we get beautiful peeps of the sea on our way, specially crossing over Pease Bridge, high up above the narrow Pease stream. After passing Dunbar, we turn inland by the line of the Firth of Forth through some of the finest farming country in Great Britain, and so we reach Edinburgh in an hour and a quarter.

7. It is yet very early in the morning, and most of our fellow-passengers are very sleepy as we leave Edinburgh and steam on for the great Forth Bridge,\* which we reach in a quarter of an hour. But everybody wakes up to look out at the expanse of water over which we are

passing, and to see what they can of the marvellous bridge which took so long to build.

8. An hour later we are at Perth. 'What a busy station it is! Here trains arrive from Glasgow, Stirling, Dundee, Aberdeen, Oban and Fort William, and the traffic is enormous. From Perth we begin to travel over the Highland railway, which will carry us right through the heart of the Highlands to the far north. There is another train just starting for Dundee and Aberdeen by the Tay Bridge,\* but we are going along the right bank of the Tay River. We have not forgotten to sit on the left-hand side of the railway-carriage, for here we get the best views of the country through which we are passing.

9. Here on the left is Birnam Hill,† and on our right the little Highland town Dunkeld. We are now leaving the Tay and following a lesser stream; the mountains around us are growing higher as we near Pitlochrie, waterfalls pour down the narrow gorges, and the peak of Ben Vracky appears over the top of the Killiecrankie Pass. Right up the pass we go; for nearly a mile the banks rise steeply on either side of a rushing stream below, which is struggling for a passage in the deep chasm among rocks and precipices.

10. Now we cross the chasm on a high viaduct, now plunge through a tunnel under the mountains, and at last we arrive at Blair Athole, known to every Scotsman as the centre for the "Highland Gathering" in the autumn. On we go into a bare and inhospitable country on the borders of Perth and Inverness, winding about to

\* See page 139.

† Story of Macbeth, page 40.

reach the Pass of Drumouchter, by which we cross the great barrier of the Grampian Mountains. Before long we follow the old coach-road down the valley of the Spey, and so arrive at Inverness, the capital of the Highlands.

11. After Inverness, our line has to go right round the Inverness Firth and the Cromarty Firth, both of which penetrate far inland and again round the smaller Dornoch Firth, then it takes a great sweep to the north-west, and returns again to the sea-coast. To avoid the Morven Hills, we twist and turn until we arrive at Thurso, the northernmost town in all Scotland. From Thurso, if we are not too tired with our thirteen hours' rush through Scotland, we may take steamer across the Pentland Firth to the Orkney Islands.

### 33. THE GREAT BRIDGES

1. The railway from Edinburgh to Dundee and Aberdeen passes over the great Tay Bridge, one of the longest of its kind in the world. High up above the deep and stormy Firth of Tay, where fierce winds blow in from the east and other quarters, stirring up the broad waters into salt waves of the sea, high up ran this lofty bridge, till in the centre its height was one hundred feet.

2. The engineer had no easy time; his skill was put to a severe test, for the bridge had to curve eastward towards Dundee, and to fix strong supports into this deep arm of the sea to carry the bridge for two whole miles was no light task. But the bridge was done at last, and

one summer day in 1878 it was opened for traffic. The rest of the story is very sad. For eighteen months the trains ran over it with great success, in bad weather and in good, and the wise men who declared that the bridge was not strong enough to bear trains and traffic in windy weather owned themselves in the wrong.

3. But seldom had such a terrific gale blown as blew one Sunday night soon after Christmas in 1879. At seven o'clock in the evening the gale seemed at its height. As a fitful gleam of moonlight lit up the broad expanse of the river Tay, the long, white line of the curling bridge came into view.

"The Edinburgh train is due, I wonder if she will attempt to cross the bridge to-night," remarked those living on the Firth.

4. The moon was full; great masses of cloud were scudding across the expanse of the dark sky, the wind was roaring up the Firth. "There she comes," was the cry. The slowly moving lights of the Edinburgh train were seen rounding the curve. It passed the signal-box at the south side, stopped at the station, and entered upon the long straight line of the bridge. Then it seemed to move more swiftly.

5. Suddenly a comet-like burst of tiny sparks sprang out, as if ejected from the engine. In a long visible tail the streak of light was seen. Then the flash went out. There was darkness on the bridge. Not a sound was heard above the roaring of the wind and the blast of the storm. The whole train and all its living freight had gone down at that moment into the dark waters of the Tay.

6. When day dawned next morning, a huge gap in the



THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER. •

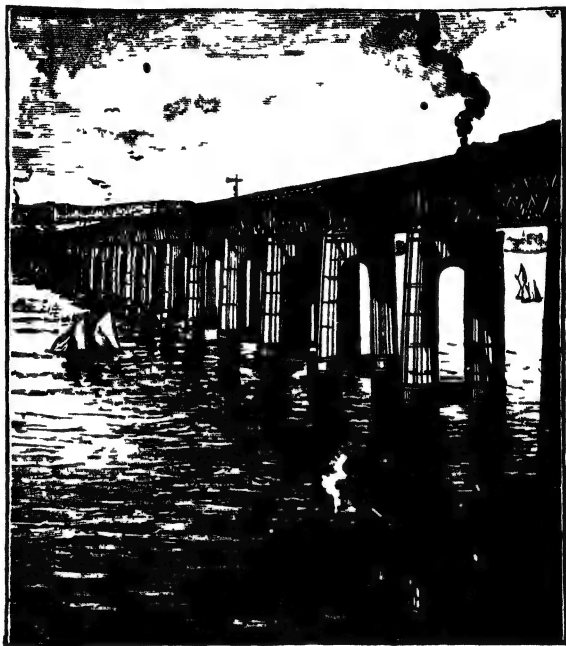
centre, and broken and dismantled piers standing in the stream were the only evidences of the great calamity. No one clearly saw the disaster, not one passenger escaped to tell the tale. The darkness of the night hid what must have been to the sufferers the agony of a moment; the deep, swiftly-flowing river closed instantly over the ill-fated train.

7. A new bridge was erected close to the old one, and opened in 1888. It is far more strongly built. The piers are made of brick, faced with granite and iron, and carry a double set of rails; and over this bridge the train travels between Edinburgh and Dundee.

8. A bridge over the Firth of Forth had been planned even before the Tay Bridge was finished. But after this terrible disaster the idea was given up until 1883, when a wonderful scheme was put forth by a leading engineer. The bridge has now been completed, and is one of the greatest engineering wonders of the age.

9. It is rather different crossing the Firth now from what it was, even in the days of Sir Walter Scott. Hear his story: "It was on a fine summer day, near the end of the eighteenth century, when a young man of genteel appearance, journeying towards the north-east of Scotland, provided himself with a ticket in one of those public carriages which travel between Edinburgh and Queensferry, at which place, as the name implies, there is a passage-boat for crossing the Firth of Forth.

10. "The coach was calculated to carry six regular passengers . . . the tickets, which conferred right to a seat in this vehicle of little ease, were dispensed by a sharp-looking old dame, with a pair of spectacles on a



THE NEW TAY BRIDGE.

very thin nose, who inhabited a 'laigh shop' or cellar, opening to the High Street by a straight and steep stair, at the bottom of which she sold tape, thread, needles, skeins of worsted, etc . . . The written hand-bill, pasted on a projecting board, announced that the Queensferry Diligence, or Hawes Fly, departed precisely at twelve o'clock in order to secure for travellers the opportunity of passing the Forth with the flood-tide . . . but



although that hour was pealed from St. Giles's steeple . . . no coach appeared upon the appointed stand.

11. "The old coach rumbled up at last, with its green sides picked out with red, its 'three yellow wheels and a black one'; but its passengers missed the tide and had to wait for the 'tide of ebb and the evening breeze' to sail across the water."

12. It takes just two and a half minutes now for the train to steam over the bridge across the stormy Firth. The building of the Forth Bridge was quite different from that over the Tay. Had it not been for the little island of Inchgarvie, used as a sort of stepping stone, the construction of the bridge would have been impossible. As it was, the difficulties to be overcome were stupendous. There are three towers rising three hundred and sixty feet above high-water mark, each of which extends an arm or cantilever on both sides to meet the neighbouring arm or viaduct from the land.

13. The bridge was opened by the Prince of Wales one March day in 1890. A stiff west wind was blowing when the Prince started to drive in the last rivet needed to complete the great bridge. For days past a sharp north-east wind had been blowing with showers of snow and sleet, but, though a heavy sea was still rolling up the Firth and a high wind was blowing, the shift of wind had brought milder weather.

14. From early morning numbers of spectators had crowded to the south Queensferry Station to see the royal party. It was some time past eleven o'clock when the train started for its first journey over the bridge; slowly, very slowly, it made its way onwards, for the Prince was anxious to look at the details of the structure.



FORTH BRIDGE.

The long line of saloon carriages seemed mere toys as they passed over the huge framework of tubes and girders.

15. Presently the train stopped, the Prince stepped out and the gilded rivet was placed in the last bolt hole. Amid cheers the great work of six years was finished. A perfect gale of wind was blowing; it was difficult for the royal party to stand.

16. "Ladies and gentlemen, I declare the Forth Bridge open," was all the Prince could say above the roaring wind. But after the banquet that followed, he told them the story of the great bridge.

"I am an old hand at opening bridges," he said:

"but never before have I opened a bridge with eight million rivets! Long ago the Chinese had the idea of making bridges on this cantilever system, but never before has it been done on so large a scale"

17. The bridge was over a mile in length, he told them; no less than twenty-five acres of surface would have to be painted with three coats of paint. It would make great changes in the railway service of the east coast, for it reduced the distance by rail from Edinburgh to Perth from sixty-nine miles to forty-seven, while Dundee and Aberdeen were thus brought much nearer the capital.

18. So there is no more waiting for the flood-tide to sail over the Firth of Forth as in the old days, no more jolting in the picturesque old coach with its green sides and its yellow wheels, but a yet more practical way of crossing the water by means of the train and the great Forth Bridge.

Other important bridges there are in Scotland, for before the year 1820 twelve hundred had been built over the various rivers and arms of the sea which before made communication so difficult.

### 34. THROUGH THE CALEDONIAN CANAL.

“The lake-linked canal of Caledonia.”

*H. Morton.*

1. By the great bridges our trains take short cuts to their various destinations; by the great canal our ships may take a short cut from the Atlantic Ocean to the North Sea, without going right round the north of Scotland by the dangerous Caithness coast. This canal has played a most important part in the modern story of Scotland, for it has been the means of opening up the Highlands to traffic, and creating quite a revolution in shipping.

2. The line of the canal is the line of the great glen of Scotland, “Glen More nan Albin,” as the valley is called in Gaelic, reaching from the shores of Caithness through the shires of Inverness and Argyle to the Atlantic Ocean. Along this glen lie three lochs, all above sea-level; it was therefore no easy task to join these lochs together, and make it possible for ships to pass through them to the level of the sea again.

3. Let us go by steamer from end to end, from Oban to Inverness, and see what difficulties the engineer Telford had to contend with when he started to make the Caledonian Canal. Leaving Oban, we first steam across to Lismore, or the Great Garden, a long narrow island at the mouth of Loch Linnhe. We are shut in by high mountains, on which the sun shines amid mists and rolling clouds; indeed, a covering of cloud is resting on the long range of Morven Hills.

4. But we steam on up this salt lake, which is but a long arm of the sea, to Ballachulish, where we can get a look at Loch Leven, an arm of Loch Linnhe. Here we

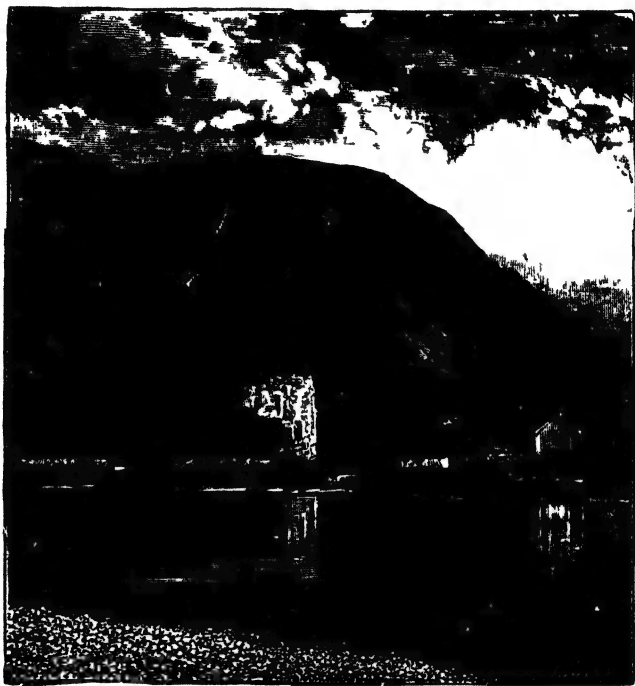
change steamers, and get on board one which will take us all the way to Inverness, some sixty miles. Entering, as by a gate, the inner basin of Loch Linnhe, we come to Fort William, the little Highland town under the shadow of Ben Nevis.

5. Here the River Lochy flows down from the mountains, entering Loch Linnhe, and here began difficulties for the engineer, for a rise of eighty feet to Banavie had to be managed somehow, as the ships could not sail uphill. He made three locks and then eight locks, usually known as "Neptune's Staircase," through which our steamer must pass before we can reach Loch Lochy.

6. Let us have a look at the lovely country through which we are passing. It is all teeming with Scotland's history. Here, on the left hand, is a small opening into the narrow valley which shelters the beautiful Loch Arkaig. It is the country of the Camerons of Lochiel, whose devotion to Prince Charlie brought their disaster and death. Here, too, in a cave on a thickly-wooded pass, up the narrow valley called the Black Mile, the luckless Prince found shelter after his defeat at Culloden.\* It is all deer forest, too, and here, at the head of the loch, the young Earl of Dalkeith, the son of the Duke of Buccleuch, met his death in 1886 while deer-stalking.

7. On the right hand, though we cannot see them, lie the famous parallel roads of Glen Roy, terraces cut by the shore-waters of a lake that must once have filled the glen. Here, tradition says, the old Pict kings used to come deer-stalking, staying meantime at the castle of Inverlochy we have just passed.

\* See page 99.



GLEN NEVIS AND INVERLOCHY CASTLE, NEAR, FORT WILLIAM.

8. We have come about eighteen miles, and are just reaching the Laggan Locks. What a lovely avenue of fir-trees we are passing through after these locks! and here is a quaint sort of drawbridge which leads us to *narrow Loch Oich, a beautiful Highland loch, very high above sea-level.* We are now at the highest level of the canal.

9. Look at the old five-storied castle of Invergarry, as it stands up in the afternoon light on the Rock of the Raven. It has its old story of defence and attack, like all the other old castles. On we steam some four miles to the head of the loch, where again we have locks to contend with. This time, however, we are descending in the locks instead of rising, for we must reach sea-level again.

10. One lock, another lock, and yet five more locks before we reach Fort Augustus, on Loch Ness. ' This is a long loch, some twenty-four miles long, and very, very deep, so deep that it has never been known to freeze ! On the left lies the great Glen Moriston, by which Dr. Johnson and his friend Boswell travelled west to the Hebrides.

11. There is a word in Gaelic, *cas*, meaning waterfall, which gives its name to Loch Ness, or the Lake of the Waterfall, and to Inverness, the great capital of the Highlands, which we shall reach presently. Here is the reason. The steamer is stopping to land us at the Foyers Pier here, on the right-hand side, and we must just walk up and see these magnificent waterfalls, the highest and largest in all Great Britain, the Falls of Foyers ; for here

" Among the heathy hills and rugged woods  
The roaring Foyers pours his massy floods."

12. These mighty falls are caused by the river Foyers dashing down through a deep, winding glen in the steep hillside ; twice it falls, but the second time it falls in a sheet of spray of dazzling whiteness into a deep ruin or chasm, surrounded by gigantic rocks some two hundred feet in height. While looking at these Falls of Smoke,

as they are sometimes called, let us recall the lines that our poet Burns wrote "with his pencil while standing by the fall.'

" Prone down the rock the whit'ning sheet descends,  
And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.  
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,  
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs.  
Still through the gap the struggling river toils,  
And still, below, the horrid cauldron boils."\*

13. But we must leave the boiling cauldron, and go back to our steamer. On it carries us through the deep, still loch—on past old castles and wooded glens, past lonely mountain-peaks, rising hugely up straight from the loch. A narrow channel to Loch Dochfour, and we enter the last stretch of canal; we slowly descend the last six locks, and so reach Inverness and the sea. It has only taken us about nine hours from Banavie, and we have been through twenty-nine locks!

\* The power of water in these falls is used for working the engines in some aluminium works not far off.





BELL ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.

### 35. THE LIGHTHOUSES THAT GUARD OUR COAST.

“ Far in the bosom of the deep,  
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep,  
A ruddy glow of changeful light  
Bound on the dusky brow of night,  
The seaman bids my lustre hail,  
And scorns to strike his tim'rous sail.”

*Scott on the Bell Rock Lighthouse.*

1. The Caledonian Canal saves ships from going round the dangerous Caithness Coast, but there are other parts of the Scottish coast equally dangerous for ships to pass ;

there are groups of rocks half hidden by the sea, and there are wild headlands no ships would pass in the dark. The story of the Inchcape or Bell Rock will show the need there was for lighthouses to warn vessels of the dangers of the deep.

2. The Bell Rock lies off the east coast of Scotland, at the entrance of the Firth of Tay, some eleven miles from Arbroath. From early times this rock was a terror to sailors, so the story says there was a pious old Abbot of Arbroath, or Aberbrothok, who placed a bell on the Inchcape Rock.

“ On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,  
And over the waves its warning rung  
When the rock was hid by the surges' swell,  
The mariners heard the warning bell,  
And then they knew the perilous rock,  
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.”

But one day a wicked pirate known as Ralph the Rover, wishing to wreck the boats and take their spoil, cut the bell from the Inchcape Rock.

“ Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound,  
The bubbles rose and burst around.”

But, intending to wreck other ships, one hazy night his own ship was wrecked on the Inchcape Rock, and sunk beneath the tide with the pirate and all on board.

3. When Robert Stevenson landed on this perilous rock with a view to building a lighthouse, which work had been entrusted to him by the Government, he found lodged in many a crevice proofs of dismal wrecks that must have occurred. It made him all the more eager to erect his lighthouse in the teeth of every obstacle, so that a light should be shed away over the rough seas to warn passing ships. Think of the difficulties of laying a

foundation on a rock covered twice a day by the tide; every bit of material for building had to be brought by boat from the mainland.

4. But at last, in 1811 it was finished, and when Sir Walter Scott visited it a few years later with Stevenson himself, this is what he says: "No description can give the idea of this slight, solitary round tower, trembling amid the billows, and fifteen miles from Arbroath, the nearest shore. You enter by a ladder of rope, with wooden steps, about thirty feet from the bottom, where the mason work ceases to be solid and admits of round apartments. The lowest is a store-house for the people's provisions, water, etc.; above that a storehouse for the lights and oil, then the kitchen, then the sleeping-chamber, then the saloon or parlour, a neat little room; above all the lighthouse, all communicating by oaken ladders."

5. Following the chief lighthouses up the east coast of Scotland, passing the light which shines out to sea from an old castle on St. Kinnaird's Head, we come to the north-west tower, the most northern lighthouse in Great Britain. It is built on a rock standing two hundred feet out of the sea—and what a sea boils up there at the northern extremity of the Shetland Islands! Towards the north the rock is nearly perpendicular and exposed to the full fury of the ocean; its southern face is a steep rocky slope. A landing can only be managed on this southern slope, and in bad weather this is impossible.

Again the difficulties of building were intense. Ships had to bring cement, lime, glass, coal—everything—and men had to land on this exposed rock and carry every-

thing to the top in small quantities on their backs, before ever the foundations could begin. The top is now reached by a flight of steps, protected by a handrail, cut out of the face of the rock.

6. Passing down the west coast we come to the Island of Tiree. Off this island lies a dangerous reef, from which vessels are warned by the Skerryvore or Great Rock Lighthouse. This Great Rock is exposed to the full fury of the Atlantic Ocean; around it lie no fewer than a hundred and thirty rocks, many of them hidden by the sea, so the lighthouse had to be very high that its light should be seen far away. The light is no less than a hundred and fifty feet above high water.

7. But the building of it was desperate work. The first foundations were washed away in a furious autumn gale of 1838, but the engineer, Alan Stevenson, was a true Scot, with any amount of perseverance, and he began again, this time with success. Together with his men he lived in a sort of little barrack on one part of the rock.

8. "Perched forty feet above the wave-beaten rock," he says, "with a goodly company of thirty men, I spent many a weary day and night—at those times when the sea prevented anyone going down to the rock—anxiously looking for supplies from the shore and earnestly longing for a change of weather. For miles round nothing could be seen but white foaming breakers and nothing heard but howling winds and lashing waves. At such seasons much of our time was spent in bed; for there alone we had effectual shelter from the winds and the spray. Our slumbers were at times fearfully interrupted by the sudden pouring of the sea over the roof, the rocking of

## 152 THE LIGHTHOUSES THAT GUARD OUR COAST.

the house on its pillars and the spurting of water through the seams of doors and windows."

9. At last the Skerryvore Lighthouse<sup>1</sup> was finished, and in February, 1844, the light shone out from the top of the great granite tower for the first time. It is a revolving light, reaching its brightest state once a minute, and may be seen from a vessel's deck at a distance of eighteen miles.

10. There are other lighthouses around the coast, though these three, perhaps, are the most important.

11. With regard to the men who work these lights and live in these sea-girt towers, they are a well-trying race. No man may enter the lighthouse service above the age of twenty-eight. For the first year or two he has to educate himself in the details of different sorts of lamps, the method of obtaining full size flame, trimming wicks, etc. He is sent from place to place to do temporary duty at different lighthouses.

12. By-and-by he becomes assistant keeper, and has to serve for many years. Service on one of the isolated rock stations is not so pleasant as on the mainland, but every keeper takes his turn at a rock tower.

13. To a rock lighthouse are attached four keepers, three at the lighthouse and one on shore. The life is not without its anxieties and perils. The men within may feel their tower tremble with the shock of huge waves hurling themselves against the base; powerless to aid, they may see a helpless ship breaking to pieces on the cruel rocks below; but there is no lack of brave men to come forward for the lighthouse service, for the work is a grand one.

14. Not only does the tower serve as a beacon by day

to warn off ships, but the light is the means whereby ships are able to continue their voyage by night without the same fear of being dashed to pieces on hidden and unknown rocks.

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### 38. SCOTT'S VOYAGE ROUND THE COAST.

"Through the white breakers of the pathless deep."  
*Scott.*

When Stevenson sailed round the coast of Scotland to inspect some lighthouses and arrange where to build others, Sir Walter Scott accompanied him with others on the lighthouse yacht, and this is part of the diary he kept every day.

"*July 29th, 1814.*—Sailed from Leith about one o'clock, and reached the Isle of May in the evening; watched the progress of the ship round Fifeness, and the revolving motion of the now distant Bell Rock light, until the wind grew rough and the landsmen sick.

"*July 30th.*—Waked at six by the steward to visit the Bell Rock. Breakfasted in the lighthouse parlour. On board again at nine, and run down through a rough sea to Aberbrothock, vulgarly called A-broath. •"

"*July 31st.*—Vessel off Dunnottar. Fair wind and delightful day; glide enchantingly along the coast of Kincardineshire; at eleven off Aberdeen. The view of old and new Aberdeen from the sea is quite beautiful. About noon we proceed along the coast, which to the northwards changes from a bold and rocky to a low and sandy character. Along the bar of Belhelvie a whole parish is swallowed up by the shifting sands, and is still a desolate waste. The coast is very rocky; but the •

rocks, being rather soft, are wasted by the constant action of the waves. Pass Peterhead and Rattray Head—near this cape are dangerous shelves, called the Bridge of Rattray.

*“August 1st.—*Off Fraserburgh, a neat little town. Mr. Stevenson goes on shore to look at a light upon an old castle on a cape called Kinnaird's Head. About eleven we leave this town, the extreme point of the Moray Firth, to stretch for Shetland. Salute the castle with three guns, and stretch out with a merry gale. ”

*“August 2nd.—*At sea in the mouth of the Moray Firth. A breeze, and we begin to think we have passed the Fair Isle, lying between Shetland and Orkney—in short, we have run on till neither captain nor pilot knows exactly where we are. The breeze increases, weather may be called rough; worse and worse after we are in our berths: nothing but booming, trampling, and whizzing of waves about our ears!

*“August 3rd.—*At sea as before; no appearance of land. About nine at night we weather the point of Bard Head, and enter a channel about three-quarters of a mile broad, which forms the southern entrance to the harbour of Lerwick: .

*“August 4th.—*Harbour of Lerwick. Admire the excellence of this harbour of the metropolis of Shetland.

*“August 9th.—*Waked at seven, and find the vessel has left Lerwick Harbour, and is on the point of entering the sound which divides the small island of Mousa from Coningburgh, a very wild part of the mainland. We beat down to Sumburgh Head through rough weather. This is the extreme south-eastern point of Shetland, and as the Atlantic and German Oceans unite at this point,



DUNCANSBY HEAD

a frightful tide runs here. The breakers are all one white foam, ascending to a great height.

*“August 10th.—*We stand out into that delightful current, and after a time get clear of Shetland, and about ten reach the Fair Isle, and next day Kirkwall Bay.

*“August 14th.—*Round the mainland of Orkney, called Pomona, encounter a very heavy sea. The breeze is .





JOHN O'GROAT'S HOTEL.

too high to permit landing at the Skerries; we agree, therefore, to stand over for the mainland of Scotland, and visit Thurso. Enter the Pentland Firth, so celebrated for the strength and fury of its tides; see the two capes of Duncansby and Dunnet Head, between which lies the famous John O'Groat's House. The shores of Caithness rise bold and rocky before us, a contrast to the Orkneys, which are all low, excepting the island of Hoy. Near this shore runs the remarkable breaking tide called the Merry Men."

"August 18th.—We have weathered Whitten Head and

Cape Wrath; the north-western extremity of Britain is now in sight. I sit upon deck, like a great bear, wrapt in a watch-cloak, the sea flying over me every now and then. At length, after much buffeting, we stand away for Loch Eribol. The weather grows better as we get under the lee of the land. Loch Eribol opens, running up into a wild and barren scene of crags and hills. Here we anchor within a reef of sunken rocks.

*“August 20th.*—Sail by four in the morning, and by half-past six are off Cape Wrath. There is no land in the direct line between this point and America. Next day anchored in the little harbour of Scalpa, upon the coast of Harris.

*“August 22nd.*—Sailed early in the morning to cross the Minch, but the breeze being contrary, we can only creep along this desolate coast of Harris. In the afternoon stand across the sound for Skye; the sunset being delightful, we enjoy it on deck.

*“August 25th.*—The yacht gliding delightfully along the coast of Skye; on the opposite side lie the islands of Canna, Rum, and Muck. Next day we were in the sound which divides the Isle of Rum from that of Eigg. Rum is rude, barren, and mountainous; Eigg, although hilly and rocky, has a much more promising appearance. About two o'clock stood over for Coll, and to be ruled by the wind as to what was next to be done.

*“August 27th.*—The wind blows squally the whole night, which, with the swell of the Atlantic, now unbroken by any islands to windward, makes it scarce possible to keep one's self in bed, and impossible to stand upright if you rise. At four in the morning I find we are beating to windward off the Isle of Tyree to

visit a reef of rocks called Skerryvore, where a lighthouse is to be built. We reach Iona \* about five o'clock. We soon got on shore and landed in the Bay of Martyrs, beautiful for its white sandy beach.

*August 29th.*—We proceed to Staffa to view the enchanted cavern. The stupendous side walls, the depth and strength of the ocean with which the cavern is filled, the variety of tints formed by the dropping stalactites, are unparalleled. We have now seen in our voyage the three grandest caves in Scotland—Smowe, Macallister's Cave, and Staffa.

*August 31st* found us rounding Mull, and advancing between it and the rocky shores of Ardnamurchan, on the mainland. On the left opens Loch Sunart, running deep into the mainland; on the right we open the Sound of Mull, and soon after Loch Linnhe.

*September 6th.*—Under the lighthouse at the Mull of Cantyre, situated on a desolate spot among rocks. We now resolve to proceed for Greenock. But our wind now altogether dies away, while we want its assistance to get to the mouth of the Firth of Clyde, now opening between the extremity of the large and fertile Isle of Bute, and the lesser islands called the Cumbræes. With much difficulty, and by the assistance of the tide, we advanced up the Firth, and at length reached Greenock, and embarked in the steamboat for Glasgow."

The following year Scott published his long poem, "The Lord of the Isles," in which he describes all these western islands that he visited so carefully with Stevenson and the Commissioners of the Northern Lights.

\* See page 81.



FINGAL'S CAVE, STAFFA.

**37. FROM "THE LORD OF THE ISLES"**

1. Merrily, merrily bounds the bark,  
    She bounds before the gale,  
The mountain breeze from Ben-na-darch  
    Is joyous in her sail !  
With fluttering sound like laughter noarse  
    The cords and canvas strain,

The waves, divided by her force,  
 In rippling eddies chased her course,  
 As if they laugh'd again.  
 Not down the breeze more blithely flew,  
 Skimming the wave, the light sea-mew,  
 Than the gay galley bore  
 Her course upon that favouring wind,  
 And Coolin's crest has sunk behind,  
 And Slapin's cavern'd shore.  
 'Twas then that warlike signals wake  
 Dunscraith's dark towers and Eisord's lake,  
 And soon, from Cavilgarrigh's head,  
 Thick wreaths of eddyng smoke were spread;  
 A summons these of war and wrath  
 To the brave clans of Sleat and Strath,  
 And, ready at the sight,  
 Each warrior to his weapons sprung,  
 And targe upon his shoulder flung,  
 Impatient for the fight.  
 Mac-Kinnon's chief, in warfare gray,  
 Had charge to muster their array  
 And guide their barks to Brodick Bay.

2. Merrily, merrily bounds the bark,  
 On a breeze from the northward free,  
 So shoots through the morning sky the lark,  
 Or the swan through the summer sea.  
 The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,  
 And Ulva dark and Colonsay,  
 And all the group of islets gay  
 That guard famed Staffa round.

Then all unknown its columns rose,  
Where dark and undisturbed repose  
The cormorant had found,  
And the shy seal had quiet home,  
And weltered in that wondrous dome  
Where, as to shame the temples decked  
By skill of earthly architect,  
Nature herself, it seemed, would raise  
A minster to her Maker's praise !  
Not for a meaner use ascend  
Her columns, or her arches bend ;  
Nor of a theme less solemn tells  
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,  
And still, between each awful pause,  
From the high vault an answer draws,  
In varied tone prolonged and high,  
That mocks the organ's melody.  
Nor doth its entrance front in vain  
To old Iona's holy fane,  
That Nature's voice might seem to say,  
" Well hast thou done, frail child of clay !  
Thy humble powers that stately shrine  
Tasked high and hard—but witness mine !"

*Scott*

### 38. SCOTLAND'S CAPITAL.

"Mine own romantic town."—*Scott*.

1. In the days of long ago there was an old city with a strong castle built up high on a very steep rock far above the level of the sea, far above the valley below. This was the fortress and capital of Edwin, King of Northumbria, in the seventh century, Edwin's Burg as it was called, Edinburgh as we call it to-day. Few cities in the world have such a commanding position; it is indeed a "city set upon a hill."

2. From the castle rock away to the west may be seen the first snows on Ben Ledi; to the east is the broad Forth "flinging her white arms to the sea" as Scott says, while sailors on the sea and farmers ploughing in quiet country places over in Fife can see the banner on the castle battlements and the smoke of "Auld Reekie" blowing abroad over the country.

3. What stories of the past are locked up in that gray castle on the hill? There is the story of Queen Margaret, who drooped and died up there when she heard that Malcolm Canmore, her husband, had been killed while invading England; and the sequel of how her faithful servant stealthily carried her body down the steep rock, so that her enemies might not get it. There is the story of Bruce's followers scaling the precipice, hitherto deemed impossible, the story of Cromwell's twelve days' siege, and the loyal defence of the castle against the attack of the Young Pretender.

4. On the castle hill is Mons Meg, the great cannon made at Mons, in Belgium, in 1476 for the defence of the castle, which burst in 1682 when a salute was fired for



EDINBURGH CASTLE.

the Duke of York. Here, too, is the Crown Room, in which the regalia of Scotland lay hidden in a great chest for over a hundred years—the crown supposed to date from the days of Bruce, the royal sceptre and sword of state, the golden collar presented by Queen Elizabeth to her heir, James VI., and the badge of the Thistle.

5. There is a story—a silly story, Stevenson calls it—of



a long underground passage leading from the castle to Holyrood. A bold Highland piper once undertook to explore it; he entered by the upper end, playing a strathspey, but the sound of his pipes slowly died away and the Highland piper was never seen again.

6. Holyrood is the old palace where many a court has been held in bygone days. Now it stands, gray and silent, in a workmen's quarter among breweries and gas works. But many a tragic scene has taken place within those old walls. There wars have been plotted; there murder has been done; there Knox spoke to Queen Mary at the peril of his life; there, in 1745, the Young Pretender held his mock court.

7. Many are the conflicts, too, that have taken place about the neighbourhood of St. Giles' Church, for here once stood the old Tolbooth Gaol, the "heart of Midlothian" as Scott calls it in his famous story, where many a well-known prisoner fretted his life away in olden times, till the decree went forth that he should be hung in the public place under the shadow of the castle called the Grassmarket.

8. These memories belong to the old town of Edinburgh; the new town, with its splendid great buildings, its wide and airy streets, is picturesque, too, in its own way. The east side of New Edinburgh is guarded by a craggy hill, the Calton Hill by name, on which stands the Burns Monument. At the top is a national monument put up to the many Scotsmen who fell during the long French war ending with Waterloo. Across the valley rises Arthur's Seat in the centre of the Queen's Park, a striking landmark in the surrounding country.

9. But look out on the north side of the hill, away



HOLYROOD PALACE.

over the endless house-roofs to Leith, the sea-port of Edinburgh, the chief sea-port, indeed, on the east coast of Scotland since the days of Robert Bruce. Leith was famous for its shipping as far back as 1313, but its wide, flat shore and shifting sands made progress difficult. In 1511 James IV. here "buildit a verrie monstrous great ship, which took so muckle timber that she wasted all the woods in Fife, beside the timber that came out of Norway"—so says the old chronicle. It is rather a contrast to the great shipbuilding yards of to-day.

10. The old harbour, the mouth of "the black and foul water of Leith," divides the town into North and South Leith. Opening from it to the west are the new docks. It is a busy town, the fifth largest in Scotland, for steamers sail to all parts of the world. It has its own large manufactures, too, of sailcloth, soap, oil-cake, cordage, and other things, besides large flour mills.



EDINBURGH FROM THE CALTON HILL.

11. Here are a few verses of Burns' "Address to Edinburgh" :

Edina ! Scotia's darling seat !  
 All hail thy palaces and towers,  
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet  
 Sat Legislation a sovereign powers !  
 From marking wildly scattered flowers  
 As on the banks of Ayr I strayed,  
 And singing, lone, the lingering hours,  
 I shelter in thy honoured shade.

12. " Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,  
 As busy Trade his labour plies ;  
 There Architecture's noble pride  
 Bids elegance and splendour rise ;  
 Here Justice from her native skies  
 High wields her balance and her rod  
 There Learning, with his eagle eyes  
 Seeks Science in her coy abode.
13. " There, watching high the least alarms,  
 Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar  
 Like some bold veteran, gray in arms,  
 And marked with many a sunny scar :  
 The ponderous wall and massy bar,  
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,  
 Have oft withstood assailing war,  
 And oft repelled the invader's shock.
14. " With awe struck thought and pitying tears,  
 I view that noble, stately dome  
 Where Scotia's kings of other years,  
 Famed heroes, had their royal home.  
 Alas ! how changed the times to come !  
 Their royal name low in the dust !  
 Their hapless race wild-wandering roam !  
 Though rigid law cries out, ' 'Twas just !'
15. " Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,  
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,  
 Through hostile ranks and ruined gaps  
 Old Scotia's bloody lion bore ;  
 Even I who sing in rustic lore,  
 Haply my sires have left their shed,  
 And faced grim Danger's loudest roar—  
 Bold-following where your fathers led.'

## 89. GLASGOW—SCOTLAND'S COMMERCIAL CAPITAL.

"City ! I am true son of thine."

*A. Smith (Glasgow).*

1. Glasgow is a very important and busy city ; in its shipbuilding it stands above all other ports in Great Britain ; in its shipping it yields only to London and Liverpool ; it approaches Manchester in its cotton-spinning, Newcastle in its coal.

2. All is bustle and business. Ships from the remotest corners of the earth come hither with their merchandise. Vast warehouses and stores are ranged row upon row along the margin of the river, and in these are piled the productions of every clime. Streets, noisy with the rattle of wheels, and the tread of horses, and the hum of men, stretch away to the right-hand and the left as far as the eye can reach. The air is heavy with the smoke belched out from thousands of chimneys.

3. And so, day after day, the same endless din goes on ; every year adding to it, as the streets and squares creep outward, and the tide of human life keeps constantly flowing. But how different was the scene when our hatchet-wielding forefathers navigated the waters of the Clyde !

4. Down in the earth, beneath these very warehouses and streets, lies the bed of the old river, with the remains of the canoes that floated on its surface, silent witnesses of the changes that have been effected, not less on the land than on its inhabitants. We can picture that dim, long-forgotten time, when the sea rose at least five and twenty feet higher in the valley than it does

МОСКВЯТО



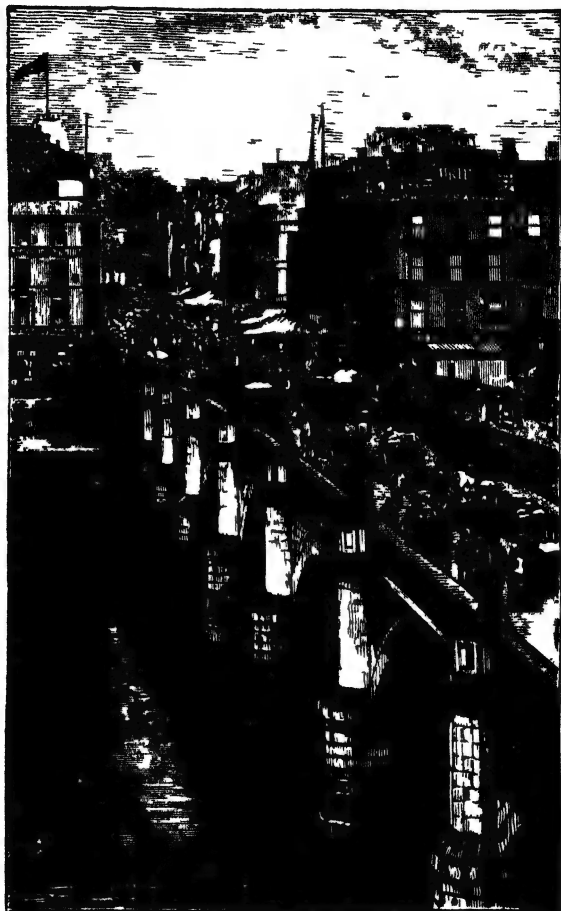
now, and covered with a broad sheet of water the site of the lower parts of the present city of Glasgow.

5. We see the skirts of the dark Caledonian forest sweeping away to the north, among the mists and shadows of the distant hills. The lower grounds are brown with peat bogs, and long, dreary flats of stunted bent, on which there grows here and there a hazel or an alder bush, or, perchance, a solitary fir, beneath whose branches a herd of wild cattle browse on the scanty herbage.

6. Yonder, far to the right, a few red deer are pacing slowly up the valley, as the heron, with hoarse outcry and lumbering flight, takes wing, and a canoe, manned by a swarthy savage with bow across his shoulders, pushes out from the shore. The smoke that curls from the brake in front shows where his comrades are busy before their huts, hollowing out the stem of a huge oak that fell on the neighbouring slope when the last storm swept across from the Atlantic.

7. And there stretches the broad river, its surface never disturbed save by the winds of heaven or the plunge of the water-fowl and the paddles of the canoes—its clear current never darkened except when the rain-clouds have gathered far away on the southern hills, and the spate comes roaring down the glens and waterfalls, and hurries away red and rapid to lose itself in the sea.

8. Indeed, the very name Glasgow tells us of old days; it means the "dark glen"; and in the sixth century, long after the times spoken of in the above description, St. Kentigern or St. Mungo is said to have founded a bishopric here, and to have worked wonderful miracles. One of these was the restoration of a ring



THE CLYDE AT GLASGOW.



lost by the wife of a chief, which was found in the mouth of a fish caught in the Clyde, hence a salmon with a ring in its mouth is still part of the arms of Glasgow. The other parts are also connected with St. Mungo—a tree, a bird, and a bell, with the motto, "Let Glasgow flourish."

9. The old motto has proved true. The growth of the town and its industries has been marvellous. Here the chemical substance called chlorine was used for bleaching before it was introduced into any other town in Great Britain, calico-printing was established earlier than in Lancashire, and the first steamer in Europe, the little *Comet*, first plied between Glasgow and Greenock, passing Dumbarton, now famous for its great ship-building yards.

10. Now Greenock competes with Glasgow for a large share of the shipbuilding of the Clyde, and some of the Greenock "yards" are among the oldest and best. In the seventeenth century Greenock was merely a little fishing-village, a single row of thatched cottages lying along the sandy beach of the Firth of Clyde. Across the water lay the beautiful north shore, broken by the long, narrow sea lochs, running far away among the Argyllshire hills.

11. Their waters, now disturbed by the paddles of countless Clyde steamers, were then only disturbed by the passing of an occasional Highland coble, whilst their shores, now fringed with villages and houses, were as lonely as Glencoe. Greenock was in great measure isolated from other towns by impassable roads. The only route to the south lay along the beach, and when the tide was high, all communication was cut off.

12. Its prosperity dates from 1707, after the Union, when the British Parliament granted what the Scottish Parliament had refused, the privilege of constructing a harbour. Up to this time there was no pier, only a rude landing-stage. In course of time Greenock was made a custom-house port, and trade increased. The first solitary vessel, full of Glasgow merchandise for the American colonies, sailed from the new harbour in 1719, and now the custom-house dues collected here amount to more than six times the whole revenue of Scotland as collected in the times of the Stuarts.

13. So Glasgow, Dumbarton, and Greenock have risen from very small beginnings to be some of the most important towns in the busy world of commerce.

#### 40. SOME LARGE TOWNS.

"Instead of shores where ocean beats,  
I hear the ebb and flow of streets."

*Alex. Smith.*

1. Most of the large modern towns of Scotland owe their origin and prosperity to convenience of river or sea traffic, as Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, just as in old times fear of invasion led to the building of strong defences at suitable points, as Edinburgh, Stirling, Inverness, and Perth.

2. Glasgow, as we have already seen, is the largest town in Scotland; it has more than twice as many people as Edinburgh, which comes next on the list.

3. Dundee is the next largest town, on the north side of the Forth of Tay, not far from its mouth, built on two hills sloping gently to the water. The town bristles with tall chimneys, and abounds in steam-loom shops

and mills, in which the spinning and weaving of jute and flax is carried on. Dundee is the centre of the Scottish linen trade. A regular fleet of ships trading solely with India sail from this port. The harbour has been improved at great cost, and provided with spacious quays and wet docks. A large quantity of jam and marmalade is made here.

4. Aberdeen, the "Granite City," is one of the oldest towns in Scotland. It stands at the mouth of the Dee, as its name tells us ("aber" meaning mouth), which river is crossed by four bridges in the town. There is a chain bridge, a railway bridge, a stone bridge known as the Bridge of Dee, and a granite bridge. Here is the famous Marischal College, now forming part of the Aberdeen University, so celebrated for its law and medicine classes. There are large manufactures of paper, wool, cotton, flax, jute, iron and granite dressing, and the bustle of the new town forms a strange contrast to the "Auld Town" near the river Don, where just a few old detached houses amid trees and gardens look more like a village than a city.

5. Paisley, in Renfrew, on the banks of the White Cart, a tributary of the Clyde, was known in old Roman days. It was once famous for its shawls, but this has given way to other industries. One of the most important of these is the manufacture of cotton thread.

6. Perth, the "Fair City," was an old Roman station, and for a time the capital of Scotland. Two miles away is Scone, once a royal residence and the coronation place of the Scottish kings.

Scott was but a little boy when, riding a pony of his own for the first time, he suddenly came on a beautiful



ABERDEEN.

view of this Fair City. He had ridden by the Kinross road along somewhat waste country, when stretching beneath him he saw the valley of the Tay, the town of Perth, with its large meadows or Inches, its steeples and towers, the hills of Moncrief and Kinnoul partly clothed with woods, the rich margin of the river, and the distant view of the huge Grampian mountains. Perth is now a large manufacturing town, though not even its tall chimneys and flax-mills can change the beauty of its situation. Perth once suffered from an inundation of the river Tay, and there is an old prophecy—

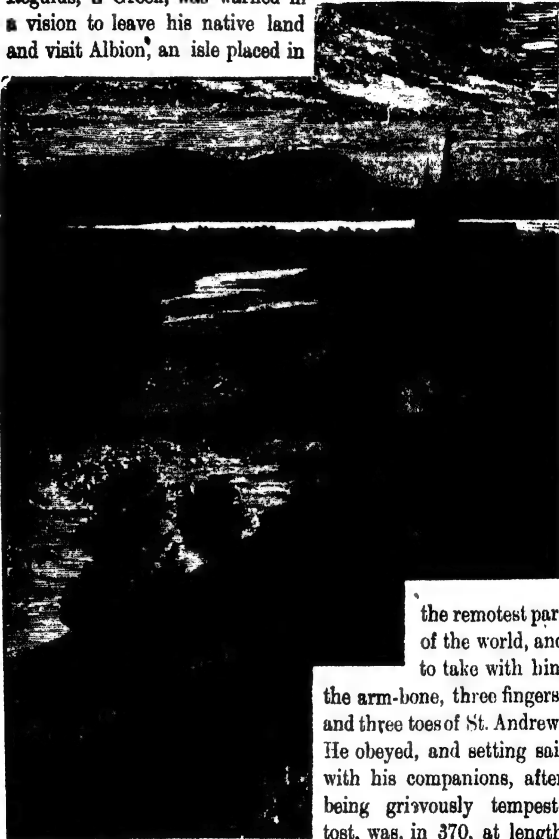
“ Great Tay of the waves  
Shall sweep Perth bare.”

7. These towns, together with Kilmarnock in Ayrshire, “Auld Ayr” the capital of Ayrshire, the “lang town of Kirkcaldy” in Fife, and Arbroath in Forfar, stand at the head of the manufacturing cities in Scotland. Let us pass on to some other towns, standing apart from the hurry and bustle of the commercial world.

8. Look at Inverness, at the mouth of the river Ness, as its very name tells us, the “capital of the Highlands.” Its position, upon a deep firth and at the mouth of Glenmore, which crosses the kingdom from sea to sea, is grand, but “the north of Scotland is too cold and inhospitable to give birth to a great city.” So Inverness is content with a comparatively quiet life and small population, except in September, when the Highland gatherings wake up the town, and the sound of the bagpipes echoes far and wide over the surrounding country.

9. There is the old, old city of St. Andrews, too, standing in its own bay on the east coast of Fife. There is a quaint old legend as to the origin of the name. St.

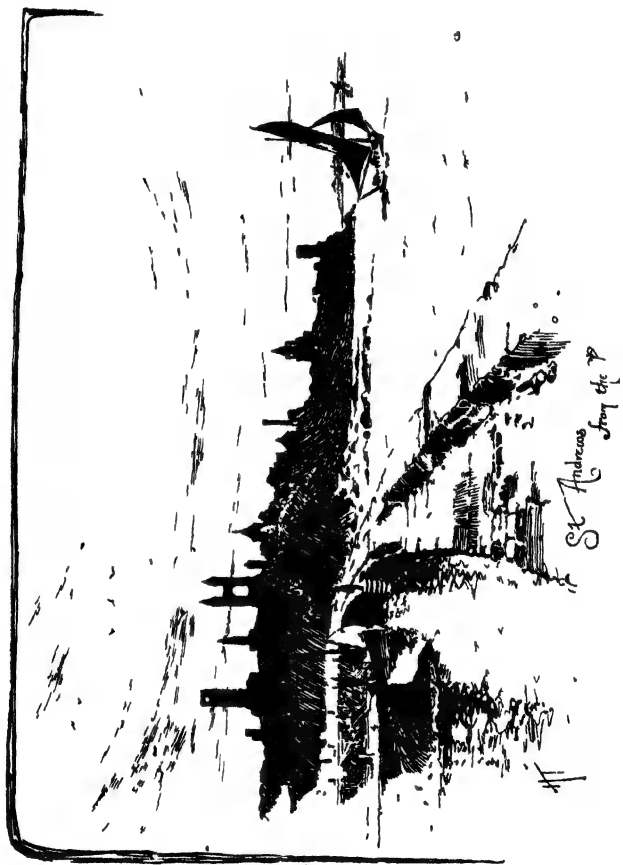
Regulus, a Greek, was warned in a vision to leave his native land and visit Albion, an isle placed in



the remotest part of the world, and to take with him

the arm-bone, three fingers, and three toes of St. Andrew. He obeyed, and setting sail with his companions, after being grievously tempest-tost, was, in 370, at length

INVERNESS.



St Andrews from the S

shipwrecked on that part of the coast ruled over by Hergustus, King of the Picts. The King, as soon as he heard of the arrival of these pious strangers with their precious relics, gave orders for their reception, presented the saint with his own palace, and built near it a church to receive the relics of St. Andrew. The church was called St. Regulus.

10. St. Andrew henceforth became the patron saint of Scotland. Here the first university in Scotland was founded in 1411, to be followed before the end of the century by those of Glasgow and Aberdeen. These lines were written on the founding of the university :

“ High unfurl the white-cross banner,  
Lift Saint Andrew's holy sign,  
Lift the old white cross of Scotland,  
Symbolling new faith divine !  
Never yet in Scottish story  
Dawned a brighter, prouder day ;  
Never nobler theme of glory  
Woke a Scottish minstrel's lay.

“ Flourish all through countless ages,  
Palaces of thought and truth,  
Happy in their teachers' wisdom,  
Happy in their guileless youth !  
Double praise and blessing earning •  
If this truth divine they prize ;  
God's high will is truest learning,  
And the good alone are wise.”

*N. Clyne*



#### 41. INDUSTRIES OF SCOTLAND.

“ Ere long we will launch<sup>d</sup>  
A vessel as goodly and strong and staunch  
As ever weathered a wintry sea !”  
*Longfellow.*

1. We have seen how the large towns in Scotland have grown in size and in prosperity ; everywhere are proofs of the skill and untiring energy of the people of Scotland. They are renowned as farmers ; in mining and quarrying they have opened out large works, which give rise in their turn to a number of manufactures ; in shipbuilding and commerce they have their full share of the world's trade.

2. First, with regard to mining. Plenty of coal and iron are found in the Central Lowlands, chiefly in the counties of Fife, Renfrew, Stirling, Lanark, Edinburgh, and Ayr. This accounts for a great deal of the prosperity of this district. From the coal measures of poor quality, called shales, paraffin and mineral oils are distilled, and many a tall chimney rears up its head between Edinburgh and Glasgow to mark the site of a paraffin factory.

8. Granite is quarried in Aberdeen and Argyll, and Scottish granite is sought after for the closeness of its texture and its high polish ; sandstone for building is found in Lanark, Renfrew, and Edinburgh ; slate and lead containing silver in other parts.

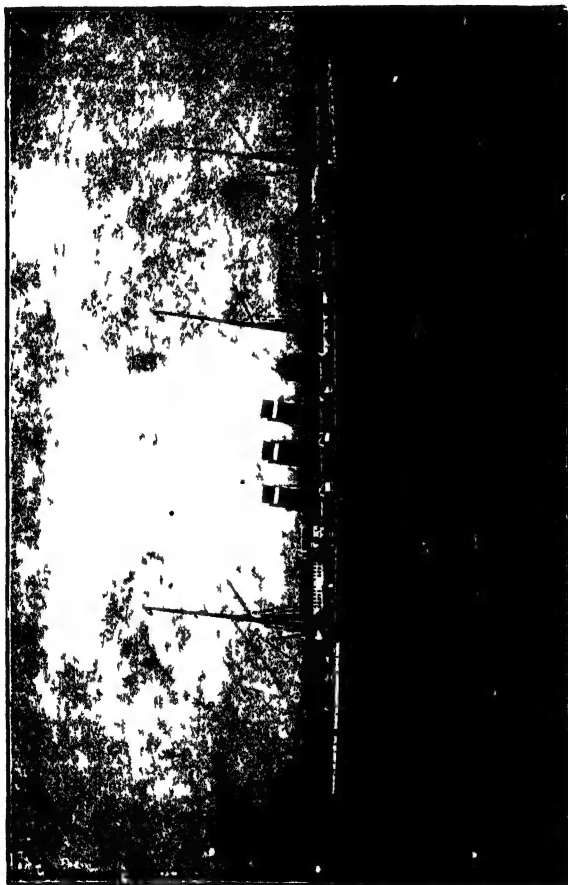
4. The people of Scotland are excellent farmers, though not more than one-third of the surface of the country is capable of cultivation. Still famous for a special breed of black cattle, the country was yet more famous in bygone days “ When I was a young man,” said a friend of

Scott's sorrowfully, "the point upon which every Highland gentleman rested his importance was the number of men whom his estate could support; the question next rested on the number of his black cattle. It is now come to respect the number of sheep, and I suppose our children will inquire how many *rats* or *mice* an estate will produce." This gloomy prophecy is not quite true, though sheep-farming has very largely increased, and there are about six times as many sheep as cattle now.

5. The sheep are specially famous in the Shetland Isles. There is a breed peculiar to the islands, producing the Shetland wool, so well-known throughout the British Isles. This wool is not shorn off the sheep, but plucked from the animal's neck by hand. So delicately is it worked up into shawls and hosiery that stockings have been made fine enough to be passed through a lady's ring!

6. Talking of wool, we pass to the manufactures, the chief of which are called textiles or woven fabrics, that is, cotton, linen, jute, hemp, woollen and silken goods. The manufacture of linen and wool dates from early times, before the invention of machinery, when there were home industries scattered over the country.

7. Nowadays if you want to see the material for a print dress made, you must go to Glasgow or Paisley; if you want to see a fine linen tablecloth, to Dunfermline; coarse linens or canvas, to Dundee, Glasgow, Arbroath, Forfar, Brechin or Montrose; woollen cloths or carpets, to Glasgow, Kilmarnock and Stirling. Kilmarnock was once very famous for its manufacture of broad, flat bonnets, once much worn in Scotland, also for its red and blue striped nightcaps, known as Kilmarnock cowls.



"THE CITY OF PARIS" BUILT ON THE CLYDE



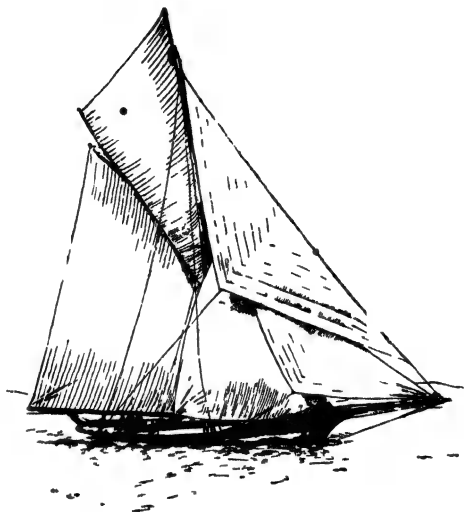
THE "COMET."

8. Among other things made in Scotland, and of world-wide renown, may be mentioned Paisley shawls, Harris tweeds and Dundee marmalade.

9. With blast furnaces abounding all over the coal-fields for the smelting of iron and steel, and foundries scattered over the Lowlands, it will be readily seen how handy are all the materials for the great industry of shipbuilding.

10. The Clyde stands far above all the other centres of this industry, and every year sees a steady increase in the work. Thus, for every ship turned out by other shipbuilding yards in England, Ireland, Wales and other parts of Scotland, the yards on the Clyde turn out two. The cause of this is not very far to seek.

The Clyde, Greenock and north-east coast of England have practically their coal, iron and steel at hand for the production of ships; with this, for instance, the Thames in England cannot compete, for material has to be brought some hundred and fifty miles. Again,



THE "VALKYRIE."

wages are lower in the North, and therefore ships can be built much cheaper there than anywhere else.

11. Not only are ships for England built on the Clyde, but ships for Russia, Spain, France and other parts of the world.

12. Yachts and sailing boats are also built on the Clyde, and the world-renowned *Valkyrie III.*, which competed for the America Cup, came forth from the Clyde. There are other shipbuilding yards in Scotland, on the Forth, the Tay and the Dee; the latter mostly supply fishing vessels. This brings us to the last great branch of industry in Scotland—the fisheries.

13. Less than a hundred and fifty years ago, the whole of the herring fisheries of Scotland were in the hands of the Dutch. In 1727, a Board of Fisheries was established to inquire into the state of the fisheries, to improve the harbours round the coast and arrange for the sale of Scottish fish in London and elsewhere.

14. Since this time herring fisheries have advanced with giant strides; fishers of the Moray Firth send thousands of tons of fish to London; Wick sends trainloads to Billingsgate Market. Not only are the herring fisheries vastly improved, but fishers on the west coast have been enabled to send quantities of fresh salmon to London, while the River Tay, the largest and most productive of all the streams in Scotland, yields its large share of salmon for far away markets.

15. Cod, ling and haddock are caught off all the coasts, while Dundee and Peterhead have steamships engaged in whale and seal fisheries. So Scottish industries have increased in importance, and the steady industry of her people will ever enable her to hold a high place in the commerce of the world.

**42. STORIES OF HERRING-FISHING.**

1. Few men have harder work than the herring-fishers. They are constantly exposed to all kinds of hardships and danger. Often enough they have to sleep in open boats with no other covering than the sail; even in their sleep they must watch, and they soon learn to start up on the slightest sound, cast a hurried glance over the buoys of their drift, and fling themselves down again. A thousand things may happen. Nets may be caught and tangled together, their drift nets may come in contact with other boats, gales may arise, and shoals may disappear.

2. One night, about the middle of the herring-fishing season, a shoal which remained stationary for several days opposite the Firth of Dornoch, suddenly disappeared. The fishermen were uncertain whether it had gone up or down the firth; and to find out this, the boats which had formerly fished together in one huge fleet were scattered in every direction.

3. A boat from Cromarty shot her nets in the middle of the firth, near the bank which the herrings had lately quitted, but not a herring was taken up. It was then decided by the crew of this boat to turn up the firth and shoot the drift a little below Grielliam.

4. The day had been dull and foggy, and when the night set in there came on a thick, unpleasant drizzle, accompanied by a little breeze from the west. Before the boat reached the ground the rain had become very heavy, and the breeze had increased into a gale. Soon after midnight the rain ceased, but the gale had risen into a hurricane, and the sea looked like a field of snow in a whirlwind.



HERRING FISHING.

5. Suddenly the waves began to roll by in silence, and without breaking. One of the crew started up to find the reason of this change.

"We are in the middle of the largest shoal I ever saw in the Moray Firth," he cried; "and we shall lose our whole drift!"

The others came out from under their sail, and by the dim light of an August morning they saw their buoys



sinking one after another, as the fish struck the nets and dragged them to the bottom.

6. They began to haul, but the heave of the sea, which was terrific, compelled them to desist, and they sat in the stern shivering with cold, for their clothes were soaked through with the previous rain, waiting till the gale would "take off."

7. The gale continued in its full fury until late in the morning, when it began to subside, and the fishermen could again begin to haul. But they soon found they could scarcely bring ashore one quarter of the herrings. They made signals to a stranger boat to come and load, but the other boat had lost her mast, and her crew were too worn out to help.

8. They worked away till two o'clock in the afternoon, when they had succeeded in hauling the whole drift. They then made sail for Cromarty, carrying with them no less than twenty-five barrels of fish, and having thrown out nearly thrice as much. Thus they were well rewarded for having braved the perils of the night.

9. Hugh Miller, whose name is well known in Scotland, once went out with the Cromarty fishermen when fishing for herring.

"The evening was remarkably pleasant," he says. "A low breeze from the west scarcely ruffled the surface of the firth; the Bay of Cromarty, burnished by the rays of the setting sun until it glowed like a sheet of molten fire, lay behind, while before us stretched the wide extent of the Moray Firth, speckled with fleets of boats, which had lately left their several ports and were now sailing in one direction. The point to which they were bound was the bank of Grielliam.

10. "The tide, before we left the shore, had risen high on the beach and was now beginning to recede. Night came on. The sky assumed a dead and leaden hue. A low, dull mist roughened the outline of the distant hills; the faint breeze that had hitherto scarcely been felt now roughened the water, which was of a dark-blue colour, approaching to black.

11. "Our boat, as the tides were not powerful, drifted slowly over the bank. The buoys stretched out from the bows in an unbroken line. There was no sign of fish, and the boatmen, after spreading the sail over the beams, laid themselves down on it. The scene was so new to me that I stayed up. A strange sight attracted my notice.

12. "'How do you account for that calm, silvery spot on the water,' I said to one of the boatmen, who had just offered me his greatcoat, 'which moves at such a rate in the line of our drift?' He started up. And calling on the others to rise, he said :

"'That moving speck of calm water covers a shoal of herrings. If it advances a hundred yards farther in that direction we shall have some employment for you.'

"This piece of information made me regard the little patch, which, from the light it caught and the blackness of the surrounding water, seemed a bright opening in a dark sky, with considerable interest. It moved on rapidly. It came in contact with the line of the drift, and three of the buoys immediately sank.

"My assistance was pronounced unnecessary, so I hung over the gunwale watching the nets as they approached the side of the boat. The three first, from the phosphoric light of the water, appeared as if bursting

into flames of a pale-green colour. The fourth was still brighter, and glittered through the waves while it was yet several fathoms away. As it approached the side the pale-green of the phosphoric matter appeared as if mingled with large flakes of snow. It contained a body of fish.

“ ‘A white horse! a white horse!’ cried one of the men; ‘lend us a haul!’ ”

“ I immediately sprung aft, laid hold on the rope and commenced hauling. In somewhat less than half an hour we had all the nets on board and rather more than twelve barrels of herrings. The night had now become so dark that we could scarcely discern the boats which lay within gunshot of our own, so we folded down the sail, which had been rolled up to make way for the herrings, and were soon fast asleep.

13. “ About midnight I awoke quite chill and sore with the hard beams and sharp rivets of the boat. I rose and crept softly over the sail to the bows. The breeze had died into a perfect calm; the heavens were glowing with stars; the distant hills appeared a chain of dark thundery clouds sleeping in the heavens.

14. “ An hour before sunrise the view on every side was bounded by a dense low bank of fog. We commenced hauling, and found in one of our nets a small rockcod and a half-starved whiting, which proved the whole of our draught. Soon after sunrise the mist began to disperse, and the surface of the water to appear for miles around roughened as if by a smart breeze.

15. “ ‘How do you account for that?’ said I to one of the fishermen.

“ ‘Ah, lad, that is by no means so favourable a token

as the one you asked me to explain last night. I had as soon see the Bhodry-more.'

" 'Why, what is the Bhodry-more?' I asked.

" 'It means that the shoal will shortly leave the firth,' he answered; 'but have you never heard of the Bhodry-more? It is a fish of the whale species, which has been know to attack and even founder boats.'

16. "About noon we hauled for the third and last time, and found nearly eight barrels of fish. We had now twenty barrels on board. The 'easterly har,' which in the Moray Firth comes on after 10 a.m. and fails at 4 p.m., had now set in. We hoisted our mast and sail, and were soon scudding right before it for land."

#### 43. "CALLER HERRIN'."

1. Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?  
 They're bonnie fish and halesome farin' ;  
 Buy my caller herrin',  
 New drawn frae the Forth.  
 When ye were sleeping on your pillows,  
 Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fellows,  
 Darkling as they faced the billows,  
 A' to fill the woven willows ?  
*Chorus:* Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?
2. But when the creel o' herrin' passes,  
 Ladies clad in silks and laces,  
 Gather in their braw pelisses,  
 Cast their heads and screw their faces.  
*Chorus:* Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?

3. Noo, neebur wives, come tent my tellin',  
 When the bonnie fish you're sellin',  
 At ae word aye be your dealin',  
 Truth will stand when a' thing's failin'.  
     Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?  
     They're no brought here without brave  
     darin',  
     Buy my caller herrin' ;  
     Ye little ken their worth.  
     Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?  
     O ye may ca' them vulgar farin' ;  
     Wives and mithers maist despairin'  
     Ca' them lives o' men.

*Baroness C. Nairne.*

#### 44. A VISIT TO ABBOTSFORD AND MELROSE.

" If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,  
 Go, visit it by the pale moonlight."

*Scott.*

1. After considering some of the great cities of Scotland, we come to famous places, castles, abbeys, and palaces. Among the most interesting are Abbotsford, the ruins of Melrose and Dryburgh. And as a friend of Scott's, called Washington Irving, once went to visit him at his home of Abbotsford, we will let him tell his own story :

2. " Late in the evening of the 29th of August, 1816, I arrived at the ancient little border town of Selkirk, where I put up for the night. I had come down from Edinburgh partly to visit Melrose Abbey, but chiefly to get a sight of the ' mighty minstrel of the north.'\*

\* Scott.

3. "On the following morning, after an early breakfast, I set off in a post-chaise for the Abbey. On the way thither I stopped at the gate of Abbotsford, and sent the postilion to the house with a letter of introduction and my card, on which I had written that I was on my way to the ruins of Melrose Abbey, and wished to know whether it would be agreeable to Mr. Scott—he had not yet been made a baronet—to receive a visit from me in the course of the morning.

4. "When the postilion was on his errand I had time to survey the mansion. It stood some short distance below the road, on the side of a hill sweeping down to the Tweed, and was as yet but a snug gentleman's cottage, with something rural and picturesque in its appearance. The whole front was overrun with evergreens, and immediately above the portal was a great pair of elk horns, branching out from beneath the foliage, and giving the cottage the look of a hunting-lodge."

5. Abbotsford is now reached by train from Selkirk in ten minutes, and is very different to look at. Scott was already beginning to enlarge it at this time, and it grew and grew until it became a large and splendid house. Any day, from March to October, may be seen the large study where the author Scott used to write, his armchair in the large oak-roofed library, the hall with its line of blazoned coats-armorial belonging to old Border families, the door of the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh, a Highland broadsword from Flodden Field, a pair of spurs from Bannockburn, and many a relic of bygone days.

6. "In a little while the 'Lord of the Castle' himself made his appearance. He was tall and of a large and

powerful frame. His dress was simple and almost rustic. An old green shooting-coat with a dog-whistle at the button-hole, brown linen pantaloons, stout shoes, tied at the ankles, and a white hat that had evidently seen service. He came limping up the gravel walk, aiding himself by a stout walking-staff, but moving rapidly and with vigour. By his side jogged along a large iron-gray staghound of most grave demeanour, who seemed to consider himself bound, for the dignity of the house, to give me a courteous reception.

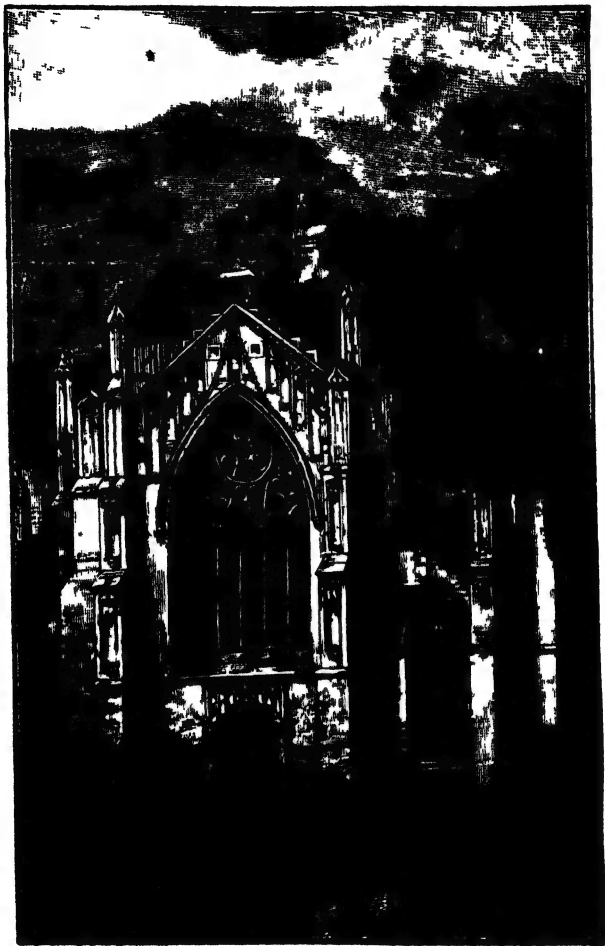
7. "Before Scott reached the gate he called out in a hearty tone welcoming me to Abbotsford. Arrived at the door of the chaise, he grasped me warmly by the hand. 'Come, drive down to the house,' he said; 'ye're just in time for breakfast, and afterwards ye shall see all the wonders of the Abbey.' I was accordingly whirled to the portal of the cottage, and in a few moments found myself seated at the breakfast-table.

8. "After breakfast, I accordingly set off for the Abbey with my little friend Charles,\* a lively boy, eleven or twelve years of age. On our way to the Abbey he gave me some anecdotes of Johnnie Bower, sexton of the parish† and keeper of the ruin. I found Johnnie Bower a decent-looking little old man in a blue coat and red waistcoat. He pointed out everything in the Abbey that had been described by Scott in his 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and would repeat the passage which celebrated it.

9. "Thus, in passing through the cloisters, he made me remark the beautiful carvings of leaves and flowers, wrought in stone with the most exquisite delicacy, and,

\* Son of Sir Walter Scott.

† Of Melrose.



MELROSE ABBEY.



notwithstanding the lapse of centuries, retaining their sharpness as if fresh from the chisel, rivalling, as Scott has said, the real objects of which they were imitations :

“Nor herb nor floweret glisten'd there,  
But was carved in the cloister arches as fair.”

10. But Johnnie Bower, the old sexton, does not seem to have told Washington Irving of the many warriors and priests who lie buried under the Abbey of Melrose, or the place where the heart of the Bruce is supposed to lie.

11. “On the following day I made an excursion with Scott to Dryburgh Abbey. We went in an open carriage, drawn by two sleek, old black horses, for which Scott seemed to have an affection, as he had for every dumb animal that belonged to him. Our road lay through a variety of scenes, rich in poetical and historical associations, about most of which Scott had something to relate.”

12. It is said that Scott always stopped his horses to admire the view of Melrose from a neighbouring hill, and it was noticed that the horses, when drawing the hearse on the last funeral journey to Dryburgh, stopped of their own accord, though their master could no longer admire the view. Sir Walter Scott was buried in Dryburgh Abbey in 1832.

13. Such, then, were the places visited by Washington Irving with Scott. And he carried back to America many a deep impression of Melrose and Dryburgh, and of the minstrel's hospitality in his home of Abbotsford.

#### 45. SOME SCOTTISH CASTLES.

"The ponderous wall and massy bar,  
Grin-rising o'er the rugged rock,  
Have oft withstood assailing war,  
And oft repelled th' invader's shock."

*Burns*

1. Many of the most interesting events in the Story of Scotland took place in its old castles. Most of these are now gray ruins, but we can still see how strong their walls and towers must have been. The builders chose their sites, too, on the summits of steep cliffs, so that they were difficult to attack, and the enemy could be seen a long way off. This was very necessary in the Lowlands, where the castles often played a large part in the long wars between England and Scotland.

2. Dunbar Castle was a very key to the kingdom of Scotland. It stood upon a reef of rocks running out into the sea, south of the Firth of Forth, and was a most important fortress. It has passed through many changes of fortune, but the most memorable event in its history was the gallant defence made by the Countess of March, called, by reason of her dark face and hair, "Black Agnes."

3. For six long weeks this brave lady mocked at the efforts of the English, until they hurled huge stones against the ramparts, when she scornfully told her maidens to wipe away the dust with their handkerchiefs.

"She kept a stir in tower and trench,  
That brawling, boisterous Scottish wench;  
Came I early, came I late,  
I found Agnes at the gate."

She won, too, and the English had to give up the siege. On a red sandstone rock in the sea now stand

the ruins of Dunbar Castle, hollowed by the ever-busy waves into an arch.

4. Stirling Castle has also its romantic story. Alexander I., King of Scotland, died within these old walls in 1124. It was taken by Edward I., King of England, after great fighting, and it remained the last stronghold of the English in the times of Edward II. Stirling was most important, that "gray bulwark of the North," for it was the key to the main passage between the North and South of Scotland; so important, indeed, that Edward II. undertook a march to the North on purpose to retain the castle. But his defeat at Bannockburn restored the castle to the Scots. It became the royal residence of the Stuarts. Here James II. was born and James V. was crowned. The view from the castle walls is very fine, away over the Vale of Monteith and the Grampian Hills. Ben Lomond can be seen in the distance, and also the great battlefields of Falkirk and Bannockburn.

5. Tantallon Castle, or the ruins of Tantallon, stand on a sea-girt promontory at the mouth of the Firth of Forth, just opposite the famous Bass Rock.\* Scott describes the castle ruins in "Marmion."

"Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,  
And held impregnable in war  
On a projecting rock they rose,  
And round three sides the ocean flows"

6. In old days the castle was so strongly fortified that, according to an old saying, it was impossible either to "ding down Tantallon" or "build a brig to the Bass." The castle belonged to the House of Douglas,

\* A rock of basalt 350 feet high.



STIRLING CASTLE

the Lords of Tantallon, and was but one of their many mighty fortresses in these parts.

7. On the Bass Rock,

“An island salt and bare,  
The haunt of seals and ores and sealwews’ clang,”

stands another castle, which was often used as a prison. Sheer down as the rock is on all sides, it has only one landing-place on a shelf of rock under the castle, and landing even here was only possible in calm weather.

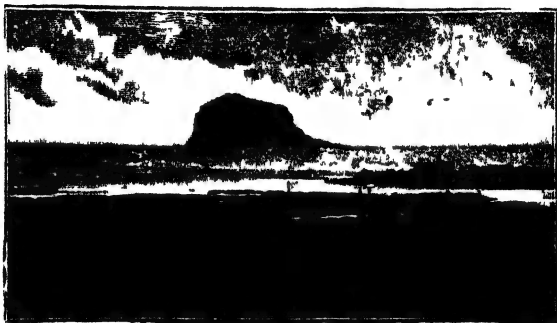
with a small boat. Often enough men and provisions had to be hauled up by a crane in large baskets. One well-known Covenanter was shut up in this lonely fortress for five years, at the end of which time he died from illness brought on by "chill airs and dropping damps."

8. This was the last castle in Scotland that held out for the Stuarts against William of Orange. Its garrison did not yield till they were so weakened by hunger that they could no longer work the crane. As times grew more peaceful there was less need for these strongholds, and the Bass, like many another old castle, fell into ruins. It is now only inhabited by sea-birds that build their nests in its walls.

9. The ruins of Dunnottar Castle may still be seen near Stonehaven. The rock on which it stands is washed on three sides by the ocean, and towards the land it is defended by a deep chasm, the only approach being by a steep and winding path. During the wars of the Commonwealth the Scottish Regalia\* were kept here. In the reign of Charles II. a number of Covenanters, including women and children, were driven like a flock of bullocks to Dunnottar Castle, where they were penned up in a dark dungeon, having a window opening to the front of a precipice which overhangs the German Ocean. The dungeon is still called the "Whigs' Vault."

10. At the northern end of Loch Awe stands the ruins of Kilchurn Castle, the old abode of the Campbells of Loch Awe. The great tower of this Highland stronghold is said to have been built in 1449 by the wife of the "Black Knight of Rhodes," ancestor of the Argyle

\* See chapter on Edinburgh, page 168.



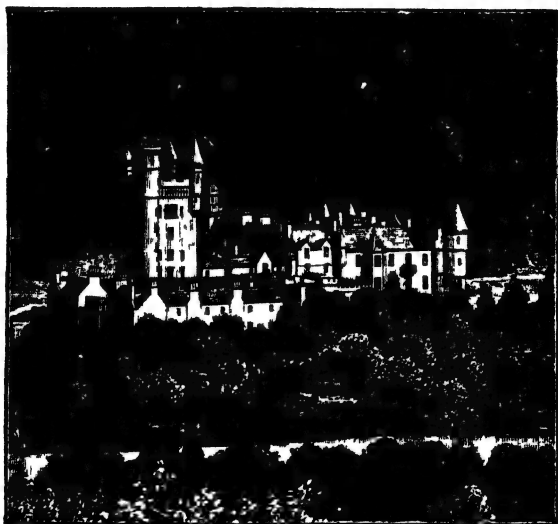
BASS ROCK.

family. "It's a far cry to Loch Awe," was the Campbell war-cry. Wordsworth the poet was greatly struck with the position of Kilchurn Castle :

"Child of loud-throated war! the mountain stream  
Roars in thy hearing ; but thy hour of rest  
Is come, and thou art silent in thy age."

11. Near Edinburgh are the ruins of Cragmillar Castle, which dates from unknown times, and which has been both a royal residence and a prison. It was the chief country retreat of Queen Mary, and the village near, in which her retinue lodged, still retains the name of "Little France." A few miles from Edinburgh is Niddry Castle, still a fine old ruin, and interesting as the scene of Queen Mary's first resting-place after her escape from Lochleven Castle.

12. Among more modern castles may be mentioned that of Balmoral, Queen Victoria's Scottish residence, standing above the River Dee amid lovely scenery. It was rebuilt by the Prince Consort in 1853-55, and seldom



BALMORAL CASTLE.

did a year pass without the Queen's appearing among her Scottish subjects in the neighbourhood of Balmoral.

In 1856 Queen Victoria wrote in "The Journal of our Life in the Highlands": "Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear Paradise, and so much more so now that all has become my dearest Albert's own creation, own work, own building, own laying out as at Osborne; and his great taste, and the impress of his dear hand, have been stamped everywhere."

46. JAMES WATT.

(1736-1819.)

"What though on homely fare we dine,  
A man's a man for a' that."

*Burns.*

1. Many a Scotsman who has earned himself a name among his countrymen has begun life in a very humble way with humble parents. Such an one was Robert Burns; such an one was James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; such an one was James Watt.

2. He was born at Greenock in the winter of 1736. His father was a carpenter, making ships' fittings, chairs, tables, coffins—a handy man all round. James was one of five children, a delicate little boy, requiring his mother's most tender care to rear him at all. Too fragile to go to school, his father and mother taught him what they could at home; reading, writing and arithmetic he learned readily, but what he loved best was drawing with chalk upon the floor and playing with his father's tools.

3. His aunt was much distressed at the child's idleness, as she called it. "James Watt," she said to him one day when sitting at the tea-table, "I never saw such an idle boy as you are; take a book or employ yourself usefully; for the last hour you have not spoken one word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again, holding now a cup and now a silver spoon over the steam, catching and counting the drops it falls into."

4. This was the boy who was to improve the steam-engine, and so benefit the country in a way little dreamt of at this time.



5. But it was not till he was nearly fourteen that any special power seemed to develop in the boy; he went to the Grammar School at Greenock, and became head of his class in arithmetic. At home he spent his time in drawing, in cutting and carving with his penknife, in watching the carpenters at work in his father's shop, sometimes making little articles himself with the tools which lay about. "Little Jamie has gotten a fortune at his fingers' ends," said the men as they watched the eager boy at work in his father's shop, with his shirt-sleeves turned up.

6. He was specially clever in making little cranes, pulleys, or pumps; he could repair ships' compasses with ease, and when he was eighteen he went to Glasgow to learn the trade of an instrument-maker. Glasgow in 1754 was a very different place from the Glasgow of to-day. Not a steam-engine was at work, not a steamboat disturbed the quiet of the Clyde.

7. Young Watt arrived in Glasgow, carrying his small amount of luggage; but on inquiring for his master, the instrument-maker, he was told there was no such person. There was a man, a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, who mended spectacles and fiddles, and to him James Watt went for a time. But here he learnt nothing, and his next step was to visit London.

8. There was no coach in these days between Glasgow and London, so young Watt went on horseback and his baggage went by sea. In the great city he got work, but his health broke down under the long hours, and he had to return to Glasgow, where he set up in business for himself. His mind now became attracted toward the great power of steam and the many uses that might be



JAMES WATT

made of it. Others were working at it, too, and one day in 1763 the model of a little steam-engine, destined to become so famous, was brought from London and put into Watt's hands.

9. The boiler was somewhat smaller than a tea-kettle. Watt looked at it as a "fine plaything." But it set him thinking. He repaired the model and set it to work, but the little boiler could not supply enough steam, and after a few strokes of the piston the engine stopped working.

10. His mind was always full of his steam-engine. When walking one day on the Glasgow Green, he suddenly thought of the idea of having a separate condenser, by means of which the water produced by the condensed steam could escape. Next morning he

was up betimes to try his new plan. But the idea took many a long year to work out, and it was not till 1759 the engine was completed.

Alas! Watt himself was right; it was, as he said, a "clumsy job." Even ten years later he cries, "To-day I enter the thirty-fifth year of my life, and I think I have hardly yet done thirty-five pence worth of good in the world—I cannot help it."

11. Still, he went on thinking and inventing, despairing and inventing again. He was given work away sometimes. He made a survey of the Caledonian Canal; he planned a bridge over the Clyde. But four years later a new life opened before him. He went to Birmingham, and became a partner with one Boulton, a clever engineer, who soon took to the modest Scotsman who had gone further with his engine than any other living mechanic.

"The steam-engine I have invented is now going, and is better than any other yet made," he wrote soon after this.

12. The first engine he put up was in Cornwall—an engine to pump water out of the Cornish mines.

"All the world are agape to see what it can do," said Watt.

Truly it did great things. It worked with greater power and used less coal than any other engine yet made. Moreover, it made a terrible and horrible noise, which greatly impressed the people, and made them think the engine was really doing some work.

13. A number of orders poured into the firm of Boulton and Watt, and much interest was shown in the invention of this Scotsman. Still Watt went on thinking

and inventing. There is a story told of how the secret of one of his inventions was discovered.

It was a Saturday night, and the workmen of the firm had met together to drink their beer at a wayside public-house; they had been working at a new engine, planned by Watt, but not yet finished. These men were sitting round the kitchen parlour, and one of them made a rough sketch of part of the engine on the table.

In a far corner of the room sat a man, dressed as an ordinary workman; but he was listening very closely to all that was said, and when the men left he posted off to London, and hastened to make use of this new idea before even Watt's engine was finished.

14. So Watt's life continued to be one of invention to the end; it was his hobby, without which he could not live.

"Without a hobby-horse what is life?" he would say sometimes.

When he could no longer go about the country, he made a garret at the top of his house into a workshop, and here he used to sit for days together, not even going down to his meals, so intent was he on perfecting his engines and developing the mighty power of steam.

15. One day in 1814 he went to see the steam-engine factory in Glasgow.

"This is Mr. Watt's engine," said the workman; and he was beginning to explain the points of it, when a friend standing by said:

"I think he understands it. This is Mr. Watt!"

16. At the age of eighty-three he died. A statue was erected in Westminster Abbey, but he was buried near his old friend and partner Boulton in the Handsworth

vanquished by their own army, or expelled from its ranks, the Republicans had only a civil battle-field left to them, namely, the elections to the next Parliament; to this they rushed with vehement energy, although without hope. It is a distinguishing perversity of political parties that, when they can do nothing more for themselves, they exhaust their strength in passionate efforts to injure their enemies. The most violent pamphlets against the King and the Royalists, sometimes menacing and sometimes lugubrious in their tone, sometimes tragic and sometimes satirical, were published every day, and in all kinds of shapes; they were dated from Paris, Brussels, and Breda, as well as from London; they were distributed throughout the provinces; they were thrown during the night into the barracks and watch-houses. They were addressed chiefly to the soldiers and the pious people, and pointed out all the reprisals, all the iniquities, all the material and moral sufferings, which would result from the religious and political reaction to which they were about to fall a prey. The Royalists maintained this wordy war with vigour, sometimes treating the attacks of the Republicans as calumnies, sometimes attacking them in their turn with a recapitulation of the wickedness, the persecutions and the sufferings which the Commonwealth had brought upon the nation. But the Royalists had, in their own body, men who, by their violence, gave some ground for the sinister predictions of the Republicans. These men had already obtained for themselves the name of the Ranters; they demanded that the purchasers and possessors of Church and Crown property should not only be deprived of their ill-gotten acqui-



ROBERT BURNS.

He would pore over this book when he was walking to his work or driving his father's cart, until he knew the verses by heart.

4. But it was not reading that made him a poet; it was not the small amount of schooling he had; it was more likely his life in the open air and his love of the birds and flowers that taught the rough, shaggy-headed plough-boy to write those verses which will ever be dear to every Scottish heart. The boy felt he had talent. When his work for the day was done, he would retire into a small garret that he shared with his brother, and

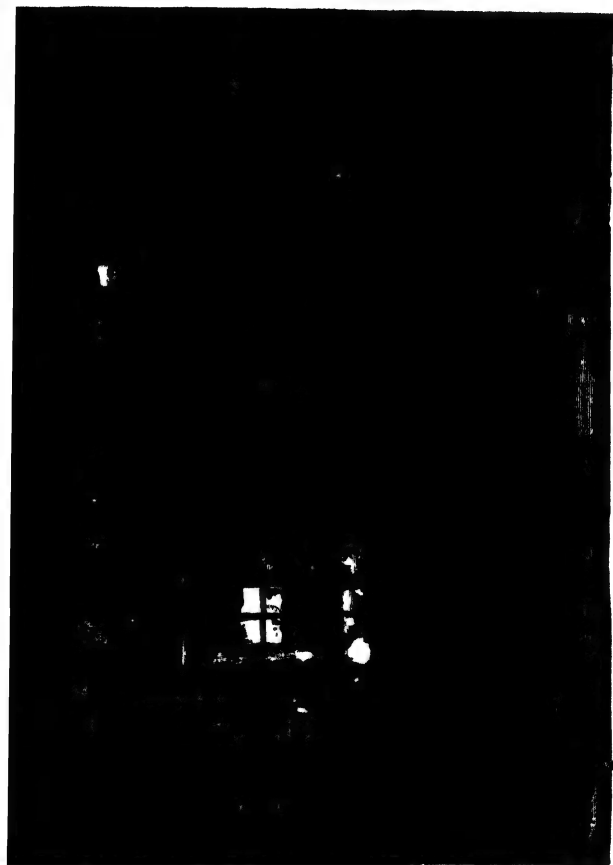
there, seated at a little table, lighted only by a skylight in the roof, he would write down the verses he had been composing all day in the fields.

5. Rough scenes of Scottish life grew lovely under his pen. With a true poet's feeling he finds a beauty and meaning in the smallest creation of Nature—with the little mountain daisy, "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," which he has unknowingly crushed with his ploughshare—with the ruined nest of a mouse, a "wee, cowering, timorous beastie." Nor did he despise the ploughman's work :

" The ploughman he's a bonnie lad,  
His mind is ever true, jo ;  
His garter's knit below the knee,  
His bonnet it is blue, jo."

6. As time went on he became known round the country-side as a maker of rhymes, and at last he was persuaded to have his verses printed. His book was received with joy by old and young, rich and poor, and it is said that ploughboys and maid-servants spent their hardly earned wages to buy a copy of "Burns' Poems." Six hundred copies were bought in two months, and Burns became the happy owner of twenty pounds.

7. He was invited to go to Edinburgh, and for this purpose he was lent a pony, as the journey would take him two days at least. He was to sleep the first night at a farmhouse near the Clyde, and, as the neighbouring farmers were anxious to see him, they were asked to dinner. But it was uncertain at what hour the poet would arrive, so a signal was arranged, consisting of a white sheet, to be placed on the top of a pitchfork and hoisted on a haystack.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT BURNS.



8. In 1787 he printed a second volume of poems in Edinburgh, and for this he received five hundred pounds. With this small fortune he returned to Ayrshire. Once more he stood on the threshold of his old home ; his old mother was there, nothing was changed.

"Oh, Robbie!" she almost sobbed, as he stood before her again.

He had left home poor and unknown, a simple ploughman ; he returned almost a rich man, while the whole country was ringing with his fame as a poet.

9. He had not forgotten his mother's needs, and though he set out again on his travels, a quantity of silk found its way home—enough to make a bonnet and cloak for each sister, and a gown for the mother.

One day a boy was showing Burns and a friend the way, when the friend asked if the boy had read Burns's poems, and which he liked best.

"I like 'The Cotter's Saturday Night' best," said the boy ; "but it made me greet when I read it."

"I don't wonder at your greeting, my boy," said Burns, patting him on the shoulder. "It made me greet when I was writing it at my father's fireside."

10. On his return to Ayrshire, Burns took a farm and married Jean Armour, to whom he had already written many a verse, to be found in his book of poems. Here he wrote "Ye Banks and Braes" and his well-known lines "Auld Lang Syne."

But the farm did not pay. Burns somehow was not a good farmer, and sorrowfully he had to leave. He settled near Dumfries, and from this time his downward course began.

11. Instead of his splendid Scottish songs and ballads,

his bursts of loyal poetry, and his tender songs of nature, he writes of taverns and quarrels and drinking folly and reckless living.

One night he stayed late at the tavern, and on his way home he fell asleep in the snow. A bad cold was the result, and it became evident he would never recover.

12. When the news spread through Dumfries that "Robbie Burns" was dying, the anxiety of rich and poor was great. They would even stop the doctor in the street with the words :

"How is Burns to-day?"

"He canna be worse," was the answer, and this was followed by the news, one July day, that the peasant poet was dead.

13. He would sing no more songs for 'auld Scotland's sake'; he would no longer tell his peasant friends of all the beautiful things in their midst if they would only open their eyes and see them. Of all that Scotland had done and suffered, of the manhood of her people, the joys of her nature, Burns sang out of the fulness of his full heart. And the poorest ploughman grew proud of his station and his toil, because Robbie Burns, their peasant poet, had shared them.

**48. A POEM BY ROBERT BURNS.**

**A FAREWELL TO HIS COUNTRY.**

1. The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,  
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,  
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,  
I see it driving o'er the plain ;  
The hunter now has left the moor,  
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,  
While here I wander, prest with care,  
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.
2. The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn .  
By early Winter's ravage torn ;  
Across her placid, azure sky  
She sees the scowling tempest fly :  
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave ;  
I think upon the stormy wave,  
Where many a danger I must dare,  
Far from the bonny banks of Ayr.
3. 'Tis not the surging billow's roar,  
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;  
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,  
The wretched have no more to fear :  
But round my heart the ties are bound,  
That heart transpierced with many a wound :  
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,  
To leave the bonny banks of Ayr.
4. Farewell, old Coik's hills and dales,  
Her heathy moors and winding vales ;

The scenes where wretched fancy roves,  
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves !  
 Farewell, my friends ! Farewell, my foes !  
 My peace with these, my love with those—  
 The bursting tears my heart declare,  
 Farewell, the bonny banks of Ayr !

## 49. THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

1772-1835.

“ The mighty minstrel breathes no longer.”

*Wordsworth.*

1. Robert Burns was thirteen years of age, when in a small cottage on the banks of the River Ettrick, in Selkirk, James Hogg, better known as the Ettrick Shepherd, was born. He came of a long line of shepherds, but little is known of his childhood. No one in Ettrick dreamt that the homely little blue-eyed boy, running barefoot about the banks of the Ettrick, singing Scottish songs with the other children, would one day become a great man and make songs himself.

2. Six months' schooling was all he ever got. The green hills and glens of Ettrick, the rush of mountain torrents, the roar of the thunder—these were his teachers. He tried to teach his awkward little fingers to write, by forming letters on the big slate stones he found on the hillsides while he was herding cows for his master.

3. By the time he was fourteen he had saved five shillings; with this he bought a fiddle which he loved

all his life. Soon after this, he got a place on a farm in Yarrow ; here his master had a large number of books, many of which he lent to the young shepherd who displayed such a thirst for knowledge. At this time he began to write his verses, and this is how he tells us he had to write them :

4. "Having very little spare time from my flock, which was unruly enough, I folded and stitched a few sheets of paper, which I carried in my pocket. I had no ink-horn ; but in the place of it I borrowed a small phial, which I fixed in a hole in the breast of my waist-coat."

5. In 1801 he had his poems printed, printed on quaint, whitey-brown paper with a paper cover. But they did not succeed. He was bitterly disappointed and made up his mind to go right away from his native valley to the Highlands. His "Farewell to Ettrick" shows how heart-broken he was :

"Farewell, green Ettrick, fare thee weel !  
I own I'm unco laith to leave thee ;  
None ken the half o' what I feel,  
Nor half the cause I hae to grieve me."

6. But after all better times came. He still felt he could write if he only had the chance, and he was persuaded to go to Edinburgh and work at his writing there. This he did, and a poem called "The Queen's Wake" was more successful, and the Ettrick Shepherd sprang into fame at one bound. Sir Walter Scott took notice of the young poet and became his faithful friend till death.

7. Then Hogg married and took a farm. But he found, like the poet Burns, that verse-making and

farming did not suit well together, and after seven years of great anxiety, he gave it up. He had often been urged to visit London; indeed, Sir Walter Scott had tried to persuade him to go with him to see King George IV. crowned, but Hogg had refused. Now, however, he consented to go.

8. Travelling was very irksome in those days, and it took the shepherd nine days' tedious passage in the packet *Edinburgh Castle* before he arrived in London. His Scottish friends gave him a warm welcome, and he was "like to be eaten up with kindness." Courted by lords and ladies, dining out at great men's houses, he stayed on and on. At last his wife grew anxious.

9. "Leave London before you grow too fond of it," she wrote. "Leave before you are threadbare. Buy a new coat and whatever article of dress you need. By no means appear shabby. I would rather wear a worse gown than you should appear in a shabby coat. It is pitiful to think of your going about with great holes in your stockings."

10. And Hogg answers his "dearest and best beloved Margaret" by telling her of the great banquet to be given him on his birthday, of the three hundred invitations he receives to dine out in the course of three days. "And all this to do honour to a poor old shepherd," he adds simply. Silver medals were hung round his neck, he was publicly thanked for his "loyal and patriotic songs," till at last, "positively worried with kindness," the Ettrick Shepherd returned gladly to his home in Scotland.

11. That same year Sir Walter Scott died, and three years later, one bleak November day, the old shepherd

was buried in the green churchyard at Ettrick, within a stone's-throw of the lowly cottage where he was born. And all Scotland mourned for the man who, like Burns, had risen from her midst and sung of her history and her fame.

"The mighty minstrel breathes no longer,  
 'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies ;  
 And death upon the braes of Yarrow  
 Has closed the shepherd-poet's eyes."  
*Wordsworth.*

## 50. A POEM BY HOGG.

### SCOTIA'S GLENS.

1. 'Mong Scotia's glens an' mountains blue  
 Where Gallia's lilies never grew,  
 Where Roman eagles never flew,  
 Nor Danish lions rallied ;  
 Where skulks the roe in anxious fear,  
 Where roves the stately, nimble deer,  
 There live the lads to freedom dear,  
 By foreign yoke ne'er galled.
  
2. There woods grow wild on every hill ;  
 There freemen wander at their will ;  
 Sure Scotland will be Scotland still  
 While hearts so brave defend her.  
 "Fear not, our Sovereign Liege," they cry,  
 "We've flourished fair beneath thine eye ;  
 For thee we'll fight, for thee we'll die.  
 Nor aught but life surrender.

3. " Since thou hast watched our every need,  
 And taught our navies wide to spread,  
 The smallest hair from thy gray head  
 No foreign foe shall sever.  
 Thy honoured age in peace to save,  
 The sternest host we'll dauntless brave,  
 Or stem the fiercest Indian wave,  
 Nor heart nor hand shall waver.
4. " Though nations join yon tyrant's arm,  
 While Scotia's noble blood runs warm,  
 Our good old man we'll guard from harm,  
 Or fall in heaps around him.  
 Although the Irish harp were won,  
 And England's roses all o'errun,  
 'Mong Scotia's glens, with sword and gun,  
 We'll form a bulwark round him."

## 51. A SCOTTISH NATURALIST.

" The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
 Is king of men for a' that."

1. It is always interesting to hear of a man who by honest work and steady industry has done something for his country and risen to a position of mark among his fellows. Such an one was Thomas Edward, the shoemaker. Born on Christmas Day, 1814, he showed his love of animals at the early age of four months, nearly jumping out of his mother's arms to catch a fly buzzing in the window-pane.

2. Before he could walk he had made friends with cats and dogs, cocks and hens, and he could but toddle when



his favourite haunt was the pigsty, where the sow Bet had a litter of little pigs.

"Where's Tom?" his mother would ask at intervals when the baby had disappeared, and the answer was always the same:

"Oh! he's awa wi' the pigs!"

3. One day he was "awa" so long that they grew anxious. He could not be seen even in the pigsty. All day, all night they searched in vain. In the early morning a scream was heard; in rushed the pig-wife, and throwing the child into its mother's lap, cried:

"There, woman, there's yer bairn! whar wud he be but under Bet and her pigs a' nicht!"

4. When he could get further afield, he would spend his time grubbing for insects, fishing for eels and bandies, crabs and worms, among the pools and hollows near Aberdeen; and carrying home horse-leeches, frogs and beetles, till his mother forbade him to bring another living thing inside the house. But Tom could not be made obedient. He was beaten, he was tied to the leg of the table, at last his clothes were taken away. Still he ran out with nothing on but an old petticoat tied round him, to spend the day with his "beasties," and night would find him creeping home with a wasps'-nest rolled up in his shirt, or a nest of rats in his bonnet.

5. At five years old they sent him to school, hoping he might be kept out of mischief. But he seldom went to school without some of his butterflies or beetles hidden among his clothes, though the dame scolded him and the scholars avoided him. One day matters reached a head. Tom had found a jackdaw, and to school with him the bird must go.

6. But where to hide it? In those days little boys' trousers, or breeks, were buttoned over their vests, and were fairly wide. Into his breeks Tom thrust the jackdaw, and away to school he went. But the jackdaw got tired of its position, and soon it pushed its bill up through the opening. In vain Tom tried to push it back; its whole head suddenly appeared, and "Cre-waw, cre-waw!" sounded through the school.

"It's Tam again," shouted the scholars, "wi' a craw stickin' oot o' his breeks!"

This was too much for the dame; dragging the culprit to the door, she thrust him outside, and bade him never return.

7. His next school was kept by a master. One day Tom had gone to school with a broken bottle full of horse-leeches he had been collecting when the bell rang. Smuggling it into school, he set it down beside him, and began his lessons. Suddenly a scream rang through the school, and one of the boys sprang from his seat:

"A horse-leech is crawlin' up my leg!" he roared. "See, there's a bottleful of them!"

The master glared at Tom a moment, then he brought down his birch heavily on the boy's back and turned him out, bidding him never to return. "And I'll not take him back for twenty pounds!" he added, when besought to give him another chance.

8. This was all very well, but in after-life Tom Edward bitterly regretted his folly in behaving so badly in school, for being unable to read and write well hindered his work terribly. It was useless to send him to school any more; at six years old he went to work under a tobacconist, and two years later he got employ-

ment at a factory some two miles off. The hours were from six in the morning to eight at night; but Tom loved it because the walk took him through the lovely scenery of the "banks and braes of Don." Insects, birds, even kingfishers, abounded there, and "Oh, these were happy days!" he used to say when life became a struggle later on.

9. But time went on, and his father apprenticed him to a shoemaker. Tom never got on with his master, and one day, when three young moles were found among the shoe-leathers, Tom was beaten to within an inch of his life and sent away. It would take too long to tell how he ran away to Kettle, how he tried to get to sea, and finally enlisted.

10. At the age of twenty he left home and went to Banff to work at shoemaking. Though his wages amounted to under ten shillings a week, he married and had a happy home. Still, his passion for collecting his beasts never left him. He was shoemaking from six in the morning till nine at night, so he had only his nights to work. And all night long he would scour the country round, looking for rare moles, beetles, or birds, sleeping under bushes or hiding in holes, to watch their habits and to wait for them. "It's a stormy night that keeps Edward in the house," the neighbours would say. And, indeed, many a stormy night found him on moor or by loch, sometimes drenched to the skin, but still watching and waiting for his "beasties."

11. And so time went on till he had some two thousand specimens collected. These, in 1845, he showed at the Brandon Fair in Banff, and this made him determine to take them to Aberdeen and show them there. So

one May morning, accompanied by his wife and five children, he took his precious collection in six carriers' carts to Aberdeen. Here disappointment was in store for him. Very few people came to see the show, and those who did refused to believe that one poor shoemaker had collected such grand specimens of Scottish birds and beasts.

12. The weeks passed, no money came; he got into debt, and the work of eight long years had to be sold to buy bread and cheese. With a heavy heart Tom Edward tramped the fifty miles back to Banff, and began shoemaking once more. A new collection was soon started, and, indeed, soon sold to pay a long doctor's bill, for Edward could not stand the long bitter nights in the open air now, and constant illness was the result. It would take too long to tell how he fell over the precipice at Tarlair trying for a marten's nest; how rats destroyed in one night his collection of years; how he found new fishes in the Moray Firth and unknown shells on the Aberdeen coast.

13. His work was recognised at last, and scientific men perceived that one of no ordinary merit was in their midst, quietly working among Nature's treasures, patiently watching, bravely waiting, amid hardships and dangers, till the knowledge he sought should be found.

14. The humble shoemaker did service to his country by making new discoveries in his close observations, and though his work was too local, confined as it was to Aberdeen, to make him known to the world at large, yet Scotland may well be proud of such sharers in her history—men who seek not for fame, but for knowledge.

52 SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(1771-1832.)

"Glorious Sir Walter, Shakespeare's brother-brain."

*Watson.*

1. No man has played a larger part in the story of Scotland than Sir Walter Scott, the "pride of all Scotland," as Carlyle has called him.

Unlike other children, he could not run about and play, for he was lame almost from babyhood. For this reason he was sent to live with his grandfather in the country. Here it was that the little lame boy heard the old legends and traditions of the Border country, stories of the feudal towers, of haunted glens, of wizard streams, which he wove into his great "Waverley Novels" when he grew to manhood. In his poem called "Marmion" he has left us a long description of his childhood:

"And ever by the winter hearth  
Old tales I heard of woe and mirth,  
Of patriot battles, won of old  
By Wallace Wight and Bruce the bold :

\* \* \* \*

For I ~~was~~ wayward, bold and wild,  
A self-willed imp, a granddame's child ;  
But, half a plague and half a jest,  
Was still endured, beloved, caress'd.

2. At the age of eight he went to the Edinburgh High School. He ~~was~~ irregular in his class, sometimes at the top, sometimes at the bottom ; but among his school-fellows he ~~was~~ popular enough, for he was never tired of telling them old stories, and the boys were never tired of listening. There is one story of Scott's school-life which he used to tell himself.



SIR WALTER SCOTT

3. He had long wanted to get above a school-fellow in class, but he could not succeed. At last he noticed that whenever the boy was asked a question in class his fingers grasped a particular button on his waistcoat. Scott thought, if he could remove this button the boy would be put out when the question was asked. The button was cut off, the question was asked; the boy

searched for his button, but it was gone, and he stood hopelessly silent, unable to answer. Scott gained the place, but he never enjoyed it, and "often in after-life," he said, "has the sight of that boy smote me as I passed by him."

4. For several years young Scott studied law; after eight years' work he became Sheriff of Selkirk, and later undertook the duties of a Clerk of Session. But he never cared for his work. His whole heart was set on literature, and he began to collect legends and ballads of the Scottish Border, and to write a number of poems. In 1802 his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" was published, and a number of copies were sold. So graphic and simple were these old poems that the dead past seemed to live again.

5. There they were, the rugged old fighting men in their simplicity and strength, with their heartiness, their healthiness, their stout self-help, in their leather jerkins and jack-boots, in their quaintness of manner and costume.

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel" soon followed—a long poem, supposed to be sung by the last minstrel who survived the Revolution. The opening lines are well known:

'The way was long, the wind was cold,  
The minstrel was infirm and old.'

"Marmion: a Tale of Flodden Field" and "The Lady of the Lake" appeared a few years later, to be followed by "The Lord of the Isles."

6. By this time Scott had married and was living at Ashiestiel, near Selkirk. All readers of his poetry know the description of his home there in the Introduction to

"Marmion"; they feel they can see the hills behind the house dividing the river Tweed from Yarrow, and the deep little rivulet which,

"foaming brown with doubled speed,  
Hurries its waters to the Tweed."

7. Here he worked very hard. He would get up at five o'clock in the morning, light his own fire, sit down to his writing-desk, dressed in an old shooting-jacket, and write hard till breakfast time. His chief amusements were riding, salmon-spearing by torchlight, and hunting. By 1812 he had gained money enough to buy a mountain farm at Abbotsford, five miles lower down the Tweed than his present cottage, and thither the family moved with their dogs, pigs, ponies, poultry, cows, and calves. He called it Abbotsford because it had formerly belonged to the abbots of Melrose Abbey.

8. In 1814 "Waverley," his first novel, came out, "an event memorable in the annals of British literature," says Carlyle. No name appeared on the title-page, but copies sold rapidly, and in five weeks a thousand were gone. Edward Waverley is the hero of the story, which takes us through the thrilling times of Charles Edward in 1745, and should be read by every Scottish boy.

9. It was followed by numbers of other stories, which still bear the name of the "Waverley Novels." Among those who read and valued Scott's writings was the Prince Regent, and when he came to the throne as George IV. in 1820, his first act was to make the author of "Waverley" a baronet.

10. Meanwhile Abbotsford was growing from a cottage to a house, from a house to a castle; large halls and rooms.



were built and furnished, towers and turrets rose above the trees; it was costly and luxurious within and without. So that when Sir Walter Scott learned in 1826 that his publishers were bankrupt, the blow fell heavily. The lord of Abbotsford was penniless!

It was a hard trial. He met it proudly and bravely. Two days after the news arrived, he took up his pen and went on writing. But no longer at Abbotsford. "I have walked my last in the domains I have planted, sat the last time in the halls I have built," he cried pitifully, as he withdrew to a lonely lodging in Edinburgh to do his long day's work.

For this book, "Woodstock," he received a large sum of money, and was able to return to his beloved home. It was at this time he wrote "Tales of a Grandfather," a simple history of Scotland.

11. But his old power of writing his novels had gone. He was threatened with disease of the brain, and it is with pathos he says, "I have lost the power of interesting the country." He was advised to go abroad, and he went.

One day in Venice he went into a bookseller's shop; the man brought out, among other things, a picture of Abbotsford.

"I know that already, sir," said Sir Walter. A keen desire to return seized him; he was ill; he was far from home; the picture had redoubled this yearning.

12. So they brought him home. He was too ill to notice anything till his arrival in Edinburgh, and he was lifted into his carriage almost unconscious. But as the carriage entered the valley of the Gala he roused himself; he was passing the familiar scenes of his



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MONUMENT, EDINBURGH.

childhood. "Gala water, surely," he murmured. When his eyes rested on the towers of Abbotsford, he sprang up with a cry of joy ; it seemed new life to him.

18. His dogs came round him, licking his hands and barking for very welcome, and their master sobbed and smiled over them in turn. But the revival was very brief. He lingered on some two months, and then he died.

"Good-bye, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen," says Carlyle. "Take our proud and sad farewell."

### 53. A POEM BY SCOTT.

1. Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
     Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;  
 Dream of battle-fields no more,  
     Days of danger, nights of waking.  
 In our isle's enchanted hall,  
     Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,  
 Fairy streams of music fall,  
     Every sense in slumber dewing.  
 Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
 Dream of fighting fields no more ;  
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
2. No rude sound shall reach thy ear,  
     Armour's clang or war-steed champing,  
 Trump nor pibroch summon here  
     Mustering clan or squadron tramping.

Yet the lark's shrill life may come  
At the daybreak from the fallow,  
And the bittern sound his drum,  
Booming from the sedgy shallow.  
Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
Guards nor warders challenge here,  
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,  
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

3. • Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done ;  
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,  
Dream not with the rising sun  
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.  
Sleep ! the deer is in his den ;  
Sleep ! thy hounds are by thee lying ;  
Sleep ! nor dream in yonder glen  
How thy gallant steed lay dying.  
Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done,  
Think not of the rising sun,  
For at dawning, to assail ye,  
Here no bugles sound reveillé.

## 54. SOME GREAT SCOTSMEN. '

" Great men have been among us."—*Wordsworth.*

1. Born within some twenty years of Sir Walter Scott were three great Scotsmen, who distinguished themselves each in his own way. They were Sir David Wilkie, the painter; Colin Campbell, the soldier, afterwards Lord Clyde; and Thomas Carlyle, the writer.

2. Sir David Wilkie, or "wee sunny-haired Davie," as he was then called, was born in Fifeshire in 1785. Almost as a baby his chief delight was in drawing with chalk on his nursery floor and scratching pictures of sheep and dogs on the sand near his home. He could draw before he could read; it is said he could paint before he could spell.

3. When he went to school he spent much of his time in drawing the shaggy heads of his schoolfellows on his slate instead of working his sums. When he was fourteen he was sent to learn drawing in Edinburgh, where, four years later, he gained a ten-guinea prize for his pictures.

4. Having finished his course there, he went home to paint pictures, and soon attracted attention by one called "The Country Fair." He had no money to buy a large easel to put his canvas on, but he managed by pulling out a lower drawer from his chest to make a rough easel for himself, and in spite of all obstacles he painted on.

5. After a time he sailed for London, where he hoped to sell his pictures more easily, and gradually he became famous. "The Blind Fiddler" and "Blind



THE BURIAL OF WILKIE, BY TURNER.

Man's Buff" are both well-known pictures of his, and helped to make his fortune. With the steady perseverance of a Scotsman he worked on. In 1836 he was made Principal Painter to King William IV., and soon after the pale Scottish painter became Sir David Wilkie. Five years later he died at sea, and a great picture called "The Burial of Sir David Wilkie" was painted by the well-known artist Turner. A flood of crimson light rests on the ship where he died; as the body is let down into the deep sea the sailors are standing round in deep reverence, and the national flag hangs half-mast high.

6. A very different stamp of man, but great in his own way, was the soldier Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, as he became later, who was born at Glasgow in 1792. He distinguished himself as a young soldier, and was given command of the Highland Brigade in the Crimean War.

7. The old story of the behaviour of these troops at the battle of the Alma is well known, how the Russian army was posted in great strength on a line of steep, rocky hills on the far side of the River Alma. How, under their deadly fire, the Highlanders, with Colin Campbell at their head, waded the stream, and scaled the heights, standing victorious at last on the well-won summits. And how, when the battle was over, the Commander-in-Chief sent for Colin Campbell, and, with tears in his eyes, thanked him for his service amid the ringing cheers of the Highland Brigade. Then came Campbell's one modest request, granted amid more ringing cheers—might he be allowed to wear the Highland bonnet during the rest of the campaign?

8. His farewell to the troops after the battles of Balaclava and Inkermann, when the war was over, is very



LORD CLYDE.

touching. "Old Highland Brigade, I have now to take leave of you," he said. "A long farewell! I am now old, and shall not be called to serve any more. When you go home, each to his family and his cottage, you will tell the story of your immortal advance 'up the heights of Alma, and of the old brigadier who led and loved you so well. Our native land will never forget the name of the Highland Brigade. A pipe will never sound near me without carrying me back to those bright days when I was at your head, and wore the bonnet which you gained for me. Brave soldiers, kind comrades, farewell!"

9. "I shall not be called to serve any more," he had said in 1856, but the following year, when the Indian



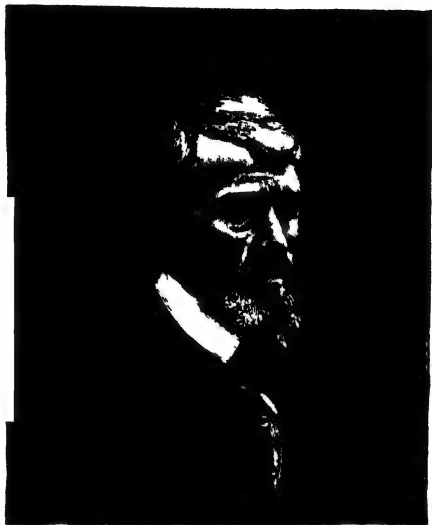
Mutiny broke out, Sir Colin Campbell was given chief command of all the British forces. His brilliant relief of Lucknow\* will never be forgotten, as with his old Highland Brigade and other troops he pushed forward through thick and thin, by night and day, to the relief of the brave Englishmen shut up in the Residency at Lucknow.

10. The old soldier died in 1868, and the Highland Brigade will not easily forget the man who led them to victory, and showed that they could fight as well as in the days of old.

11. While the brilliant soldier Colin Campbell was winning honour and glory for Scotland abroad, Thomas Carlyle, a very different sort of man, was doing his quiet work at home. He was born three years later than Campbell in the little country town of Ecclefechan, Dumfries. The eldest of eight children, he was brought up in great poverty, his father, who was a mason, earning but little in those days. Barefoot he ran about the streets; happily he ate his oatmeal, milk and potatoes. His love of a simple life never left him, and when in later life he might have had honours and titles, he preferred simplicity.

12. One story he used to tell of his boyhood which shows his strong sympathy with human suffering. It was a cold, snowy day, and Thomas Carlyle was taking care of the house while his parents went shopping. While he was there alone a poor, half-starving beggar came to the door. "I had saved up in a small earthen thrift-pot all the pennies I had given to me, and kept it safely on the high shelf over the fireplace," he said in

\* See "Pipes at Lucknow," page 289.



THOMAS CARLYLE.

later life, "and I well remember climbing up and getting it down and breaking it open that I might give all its contents to the poor wretch. And I never knew before what heaven was like," he added thoughtfully.

13. He was educated at Edinburgh, and in 1816 he went to teach in a school at Kirkcaldy. Still very poor, his mother used to send him food when she could afford it. "We send you a small piece of ham and a minding of butter," she wrote him on one occasion. And whenever he could, Thomas Carlyle would save his money to send the faithful woman a bonnet or shawl.

14. It was not till some years later he began to write,

to give his message to the world, and not till a good many years had passed were his writings read and appreciated. He wrote a great many books; among the best known are "The Life of Frederick the Great," "Sartor Resartus" and "Past and Present" and "The French Revolution."

15. "All true work," he tells us, "is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness. . . . For this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother. Heaven is kind—as a noble mother; as that Spartan mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, 'With it, my son, or upon it.' Thou too, shalt return to thy far-distant home in honour; doubt it not—if in the battle thou keep thy shield."

16. Carlyle had a horror of idleness. "One monster there is in the world," he said, "the idle man." And so he wrote on out of the fulness of his full heart. He saw the growing evils of the times and he was not afraid to speak; he wanted to open men's eyes to the humbug and the shams of the world, to make them genuine and true and real.

17. He died at the age of eighty-five, and was laid to rest in the little Ecclefechan Churchyard, preferring to die, as he had lived, in all the simplicity that befits a really great man.

**55. THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW**

1. Pipes of the misty moorlands,  
Voice of the glens and hills ;  
The droning of the torrents,  
The treble of the rills ;  
Not the braes of broom and heather,  
Nor the mountains dark with rain,  
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,  
Have heard your sweetest strain !
2. Dear to the Lowland reaper,  
And plaided mountaineer,  
To the cottage and the castle  
The Scottish pipes are dear ;  
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch  
O'er mountain, loch, and glade ;  
But sweetest of all music  
The pipes at Lucknow played.
3. Day by day the Indian tiger  
Louder yelled, and nearer crept ;  
Round and round the jungle serpent  
Near and nearer circles swept.  
“ Pray for rescue, wives and mothers—  
Pray to-day ! ” the soldier said ;  
“ To-morrow death's between us  
And the wrong and shame we dread.”
4. Oh, they listened, looked and waited,  
Till their hope became despair !  
And the sobs of low bewailing  
Filled the pauses of their prayer.

Till up spake a Scottish maiden,  
With her ear unto the ground ;  
“ Dinna ye hear it ? dinna ye hear it ?  
The pipes of Havelock sound ! ”

5. Hushed the wounded man his groaning  
Hushed the wife her little ones ;  
Alone she heard the drum-roll  
And the roar of Sepoy guns.  
But to sounds of home and childhood  
The Highland ear is true ;  
As the mother's cradling-crooning  
The mountain pipes she knew.

6. Like the march of soundless music  
Through the vision of the seer,  
More of feeling than of hearing,  
Of the heart than of the ear,  
She knew the droning pibroch,  
She knew the Campbells' call ;  
“ Hark ! hear ye no' MacGregor's ?  
The grandest o' them all ! ”

7. Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,  
And they caught the sound at last ;  
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee  
Rose and fell the pipers' blast !  
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving  
Mingled woman's voice and man's ;  
“ God be praised ! the march of Havelock  
The piping of the clans ! ”

8. Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,  
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,  
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,  
Stinging all the air to life.  
But when the far-off dust-cloud  
To plaided legions grew,  
Full tenderly and blithesomely  
The pipes of rescue blew !
- Round the silver domes of Lucknow,  
Moslem mosque and pagan shrine,  
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,  
The air of "Auld Lang Syne."  
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums  
Rose that sweet and home-like strain ;  
And the tartan clove the turban  
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.
10. Dear to the corn-land reaper  
And plaided mountaineer,  
To the cottage and the castle  
The piper's song is dear.  
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch  
O'er mountain, glen, and glade ,  
But the sweetest of all music  
The pipes at Lucknow played !

*Whittier.*

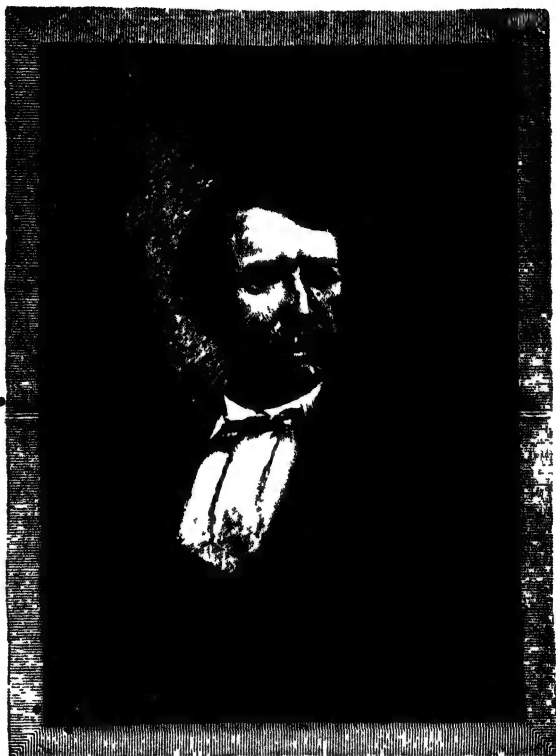
## 56. A FEW MODERN SCOTSMEN.

"Deep graved in every British heart,  
O never let those names depart."—*Scott*.

1. Among modern Scotsmen, who, though they never lived much in their native land, yet brought honour and glory to their country, must be mentioned David Livingstone and General Gordon. The first, born at a little village on the Clyde in 1816, early became a missionary. He made some wonderful discoveries in Africa, being the first white man to travel right across that country from the west coast to the east; he discovered the great inland lakes, and died out in the land where he had done such splendid work in 1874. \*

2. While David Livingstone was exploring in Africa, Charles George Gordon, a Scotsman by birth, was doing good work in China. And when the news of Livingstone's death reached England, and men were wondering who would carry on his work of suppressing the slave trade, Gordon was quietly packing his trunks and stealing off unnoticed to carry on the work. He went to Khartoum up the Nile, and worked hard and long. The natives whom he saved from being slaves became devoted to him, and when years afterwards he returned to Khartoum at the request of the Government, he was received as a king and deliverer. It was on February 18, 1884, that Gordon, in his golden coat, entered his old capital, and as he passed through the city, the people crowded round him, kissing his hands, and hailing him as "Sultan of the Soudan."

"I come without soldiers, but with God on my side to redress the evils of this land," he said to the crowds



DR. LIVINGSTONE.

around him. Before a year had passed away Gordon was dead. The Mahdi, or native ruler of the Soudan, gathered his troops around and besieged Khartoum. English troops sent out to help Gordon arrived too late; treachery broke out in the camp. A story of devotion



and heroism, such as the world has seldom heard, were these last weeks in Khartoum.

"I have done my best for the honour of our country," he wrote as he faced the inevitable end. It came on January 26. A general massacre of the garrison took place, and there, in the midst of his people, away "far in the waste Soudan," Gordon died, and truly it has been said of him, "This earth hath borne no simpler, nobler man."

3. Different, very different, are the three literary men we would mention now. John Stuart Blackie's work lay among his own people in Scotland. Born in 1809, he lived through many a change in his country's history. He was a great Greek scholar, and student of Gaelic; he was a keen reformer of University abuses, and a genial, picturesque figure in Scottish society till his death at the age of eighty-five. His poems on Scotland are, many of them, very fine, and his "Lay of the Brave Cameron" should be known by every Scottish boy.

4. Two more well-known figures of this period were Lord Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and Hugh Miller, whose "Tales and Legends" of Scottish life, and story of the "Old Red Sandstone," are full of delightful information.

5. But there are few men who have written more delightfully about Scotland than Robert Louis Stevenson. He was born in Edinburgh in 1850. His father built the Skerryvore Lighthouse, and was one of the Commissioners of the Northern Lights, with whom Scott went round the coast. Stevenson began life as a writer to the Signet, and was called to the Bar; but his love of roaming and writing became too strong for him, the



THE STATUE OF GENERAL GORDON IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.

drudgery of legal routine was unbearable; his health, too, was bad, and he went abroad for a time. Then he began to write "Treasure Island," which appeared in 1883, and made him famous. Though he lived a good deal abroad, he was a true Scot; he loved to draw his characters from his native land, and to describe the scenes he loved so well. In his book "Kidnapped" his hero David is cast away on the reefs of Mull. "Cluny's Cage" is described on the dismal mountain of Ben Alder; the "Master of Ballantrae" and "Catriona" all tell of Scottish character and Scottish scenery. Read his "Merry Men," in which he tells of Ben Kynan, the mountain of the Mist, which catches all the clouds that come blowing from the seaward; of the tempest that scattered the ships of the Armada over the north of Scotland, of the one great vessel that came ashore at Aros and went down with all hands, her colours flying even as she sank.

6. Let Stevenson himself tell you of the great gale he experienced up there:

"The night, though we were so little past midsummer, was as dark as January. The wind blew the breath out of a man's nostrils, the heavens seemed to thunder overhead like one huge sail, and when there fell a momentary lull on Aros, we could hear the gusts dismally sweeping in the distance. Over all the lowlands of Ross the wind must have blown as fierce as on the open sea, and God only knows the uproar that was raging around the head of Ben Kynan. Sheets of mingled spray and rain were driven in our faces. All round the Isle of Aros the surf, with an incessant, hammering thunder, beat upon the reefs and beaches.

And loud above all this hurly-burly I could hear the intermittent-roaring of the Merry Men."

7. Stevenson died abroad in 1895. and this is the epitaph he wrote for himself :

" Under the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie.  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

" This be the verse you grave for me :  
' Here he lies where he longed to be ;  
Home is the sailor, home from sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.' "

## 57. THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL

Our native land, our native vale,  
A long and last adieu !  
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,  
And Cheviot mountains blue

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,  
And streams renowned in song ;  
Farewell, ye braes and blossomed meads  
Our hearts have loved so long.

Farewell, the blithesome broomy knowes  
Where thyme and harebells grow ;  
Farewell, the hoary, haunted howes,  
O'erhung with birk and sloe.

## THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

The mossy cave and mouldering tower  
That skirt our native dell,  
The martyr's grave, and lovers' bower  
We bid a sad farewell.

Home of our love ! our fathers' home,  
Land of the brave and free !  
The sail is flapping on the foam  
That bears us far from thee !

We seek a wild and distant shore,  
Beyond the western main ;  
We leave thee, to return no more,  
Nor view thy cliffs again !

Our native land, our native vale,  
A long and last adieu !  
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,  
And Scotland's mountains blue !

*Thomas Pringle.*

## NOTES.

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### OUR OWN COUNTRY.—Page 8.

**Maidenkirck**, Kirkmaiden, in Wigtownshire, includes the Mull of Galloway, the most southern point in Scotland.

**Johnny Groat**, once the most northerly house in Scotland. John-o'-Groat was the descendant of one "De Groot," a Dutchman who settled in these parts.

**Caledonia**, the old name for Scotland.

•.

### OVER THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINS.—Page 10.

**Ben Nevis**, Inverness; height 4,406 feet, 24 miles round base.

**Observatory**, opened October 17, 1883.

**Cape Wrath**, north-west point of Sutherland.

**Ben Lawers**, 3,984 feet, in Perthshire.

**Ben More**, 3,843 feet, in Sutherland.

**Valley of Strathmore** stretches from Forfar to Dumbartonshire.

**Ben Cleugh**, 2,363 feet, Perthshire.

**Saturate**, to fill like a sponge.

### OUR LOCHS.—Page 15.

**River Leven**, takes the waters of Loch Lomond to the Firth of Clyde.

**Gaelic chant**, a song in the language of the Scottish Highlanders.

**Loch Earnicht**, on the borders of Perth and Inverness, 14½ miles long.

**Loch Awe**, in Argyleshire, second in size to Loch Lomond.

**Loch Ranza**, Arran, an inlet of the sea.

### THE RIVERS OF SCOTLAND.—Page 20.

**High mountain in Perthshire**, Ben Lui, 3,708 feet.

**Tiber**, the river on which Rome stands.

**Vaunt**, to boast or make a vain display.

**Tweed**, 105 miles long, rising at a height of 1,500 feet.

**Estuary**, mouth of a river.

**Navigable**, broad and deep enough for ships to pass.

•

## THE ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.—Page 25.

**Fair Isle**, midway between Shetland and Orkney. One of the ships of the Spanish Armada was wrecked here in 1588.

**Scandinavian**, from Sweden and Norway.

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## EARLY INHABITANTS OF SCOTLAND.—Page 36.

**Caledon**, Caledonia.

**Inhospitable**, affording no kindness to strangers.

**Coracle**, flat-bottomed boat made of skins stretched over wicker-work.

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## THE DEATH OF HACO.—Page 45.

**Galley**, a long, narrow, low-built ship with one deck, propelled by sails and oars.

**Burnished**, bright or polished.

**Foss**, inlets of the sea in Orkney and Shetland.

**Kyles**, straits or arms of the sea.

**Scath**, injury, harm.

**Saga**, or Scandinavian legends.

**Thor**, son of Odin, god of war in Scandinavian mythology.

**Uction**, devotion.

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## SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.—Page 50.

**Lanark**, Lanarkshire, in Lowlands.

**Falkirk** Stirlingshire.

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## STORY OF ROBERT BRUCE.—Page 55.

**Scone**, the old capital of the kingdom of the Scots, and long the place where Scottish kings were crowned. The coronation stone was removed by Edward I. to Westminster Abbey.

## BANNOCKBURN.—Page 61.

**Servile**, belonging to a slave.

**Usurper**, one who seizes power without right.

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## FLODDEN FIELD.—Page 62.

**Churl**, a man of the lowest rank.

**Van**, the front of an army.

JOHN KNOX.—*Page 65.*

**St. Andrews**, in Fife, on St. Andrews Bay.

**Toleration**, liberty of religion.

**Leith**, port of Edinburgh.

**Morton**, regent of Scotland during the reign of Mary.

TRIAL AND DEATH OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.—  
*Page 70.*

Sir Walter Scott's *Kenilworth* deals with this period.

**Russet**, reddish-brown.

**Fotheringay Castle**, Northamptonshire, on river Nen.

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.—*Page 87.*

**Levin**, lightning.

**Larum**, alarm.

**Visage**, face.

KILLIECRANKIE.—*Page 89.*

**Appin**, district extending 18 miles by 12 miles along the east side of Loch Linnhe.

**Glenmore**, once forest land, in Perthshire.

**Grames** for Graham.

MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.—*Page 94.*

**Glencoe**, Argyllshire.

**William** of Orange married Mary, daughter of James II.; came to the throne of England 1688.

**Master of Stair**, Sir John Dalrymple.

**Inverary**, county town of Argyllshire.

**Eyrie**, a place where birds of prey build their nests.

CULLODEN MOOR.—*Page 99.*

**Glenfinnan**, narrow vale between Loch Eil and Loch Shiel, Argyll.

**James VIII.**, father of Charles Edward.

**Prestonpans**, on the shores of the Firth of Forth, Haddington. See, too, Scott's *Waverley*.

**Falkirk**, Stirling.

**Culloden Moor**, or Drummoissie Moor, 6 miles from Inverness.

**Scottish poet**, Tobias Smollett, born 1721, died 1771.



**PRINCE CHARLIE'S WANDERINGS.—Page 104**

**Bonbecula**, small island lying between north and south Uist Outer Hebrides.

**Scalpa**, near Harris, Outer Hebrides.

**Jade**, a young girl.

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**THE BALLADS OF SCOTLAND.—Page 114.**

**Morven**, or Morvern, Argyllshire, a district forming a peninsula between Lochs Sunart and Linnehe.

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**SCOTTISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES.—Page 118.**

**Core**, rink or company.

**Guard**, to lay a stone in direct line so as to protect another.

**Wick**, to make a stone strike at an angle off another.

**Dornoch**, Sutherlandshire, on Dornoch Firth.

**Prestwick**, Ayrshire.

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**SCOTLAND'S SOLDIERS.—Page 128.**

**Aberfeldy**, Mid-Perthshire, on River Tay.

**Waterloo**, Belgium. English and Prussians defeated French under Napoleon June 18, 1815.

**James Nasmyth**, celebrated engineer, born 1808 in Scotland.

**Chitral**, India.

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**LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON.—Page 129.**

**Quatre Bras**, Belgium. Battle fought between French and English. June 18, 1815.

**Wellington**, Duke of, in command of the English army.

**Stance**, position.

**Charleroi**, Belgium.

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**CALEDONIAN CANAL.—Page 143.**

**Glen Roy** roads, three in number, 60 feet broad in parts.

**Loch Ness**, 20½ miles long, 1 mile broad.

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**FROM THE "LORD OF THE ISLES."—Page 159.**

The boat is sailing along the east coast.

Slapin's cavern'd shore, the island of Canna.

## SCOTLAND'S CAPITAL.—Page 162.

**Ben Ledi**, mountain in Perthshire, 2,863 feet high.

**Sequel**, that which follows.

**Regalia**, things that belong to a king.

**Strathspey**, a Scottish dance in slower time than a reel.

**Veteran**, one with long experience in any service.

## GLASGOW.—Page 168.

**Belch**, to throw up, cast forth.

**St. Mungo**, supposed to have been Bishop of Glasgow in sixth century.

**Coble**, a small, flat-bottomed fishing-boat.

## STORIES OF HERRING FISHING.—Page 186.

**Drift**, set of nets employed in fishing by each boat ; number varies from sixteen to twenty-six.

**Buoys**, made of sheepskin inflated with air.

**Fish of Dornoch**, Sutherlandshire.

## SOME SCOTTISH CASTLES.—Page 197.

**Assailing**, attacking.

**Impregnable**, that which cannot be taken.

## A POEM BY ROBERT BURNS.—Page 208.

**Covey**, a small flock of birds.

**Transpierced**, pierced through.

**Unco**, strangely.

## POEM BY HOGG.—Page 218.

**Gallia**, France.

**Roman eagles**, traditional emblem of Roman power.

**Danish lions**, badge of Denmark.

## POEM BY SCOTT.—Page 230.

**Trump**, trumpet.

**Pibroch**, music of the Scottish bagpipe.

**Bittern**, a bird of the heron family.

**Reveille**, sound of drum at daybreak to awaken soldiers.

THE PIPES OF LUCKNOW — *Page 239***Sepoy**, native Indian soldier**Moslem**, belonging to Mohammedans**Mosque**, a Mohammedan place of worship

THE END

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